

Dame DOBSON:

O R,

The Cunning Woman.

A

COMEDY

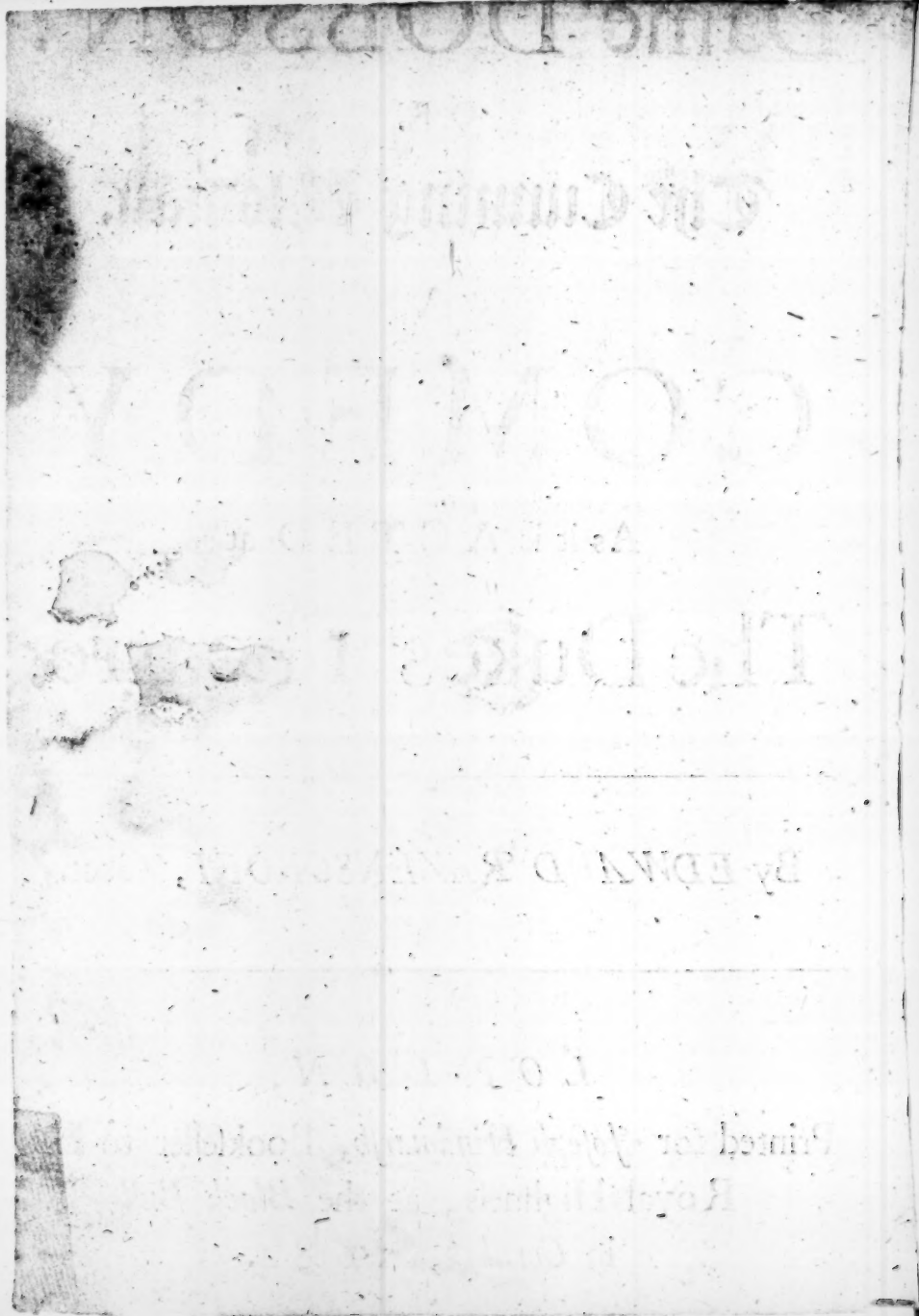
As it is ACTED at

The Duke's Theatre.

By EDWARD RAVENSCROFT, Gent.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, Bookseller to His
Royal Highness, at the Black Bull
in Cornhill, 1684.



PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. CURRER.

G Allants, I vow I am quite out of heart,
I've not one smutty Jest in all my part.
Here's not one Scene of tickling Rallery;
There we ~~will~~ lose the Pit and Gallery,
His London Cuckolds did afford you sport.
That pleas'd the Town, and did divert the Court.
But 'cause some squeamish Females of renown
Made visits with design to cry it down,
He swore in's Rege he would their humors fit,
And write the next without one word of Wit.

No Line in this will tempt your minds to Evil;
It's true, 'tis dull, but then 'tis very civil.
No double sense shall now your thoughts beguile,
Make Lady Blush, nor Ogling Gallant Smile.

But mark the Fate of this mis-judging Fool!
A Bawdy Play was never counted Dull,
Nor modest Comedy e're pleas'd you much,
'Tis relish'd like good Manners 'mongst the Dutch.
In you, Chast Ladies, then we hope to day,
This is the Poets Recantation Play.
Come often to't that he at length may see
'Tis more than a pretended Modesty;
Stick by him now, for if he finds you falter,
He quickly will his way of writing alter;
And every Play shall send you blushing home,
For, tho' you rail, yet then we're sure you'll come.
Thus Brides are Coy and Bashful the first night,
But us'd to't once, are mad for their delight.
Do not the Whiggish Nature then pursue,
Lest like Whig-Writer, he desert you too.
Whig-Poet when he can no longer Thrive,
Turns Cat in Pan and writes his Narrative.
No Irish Witness sooner shall recant,
Nor oftner play the Devil or the Saint.

THE

The Persons Names.

Mrs. Corey,	Dame Dobson.	<i>The Cunning Woman.</i>
Mr. Saunders,	Mr. Decoy.	<i>Her Colleague.</i>
Mrs. Twisford,	Beatrice.	<i>Her Servant, a young Wench.</i>
Mr. Baker,	Mrs. Francis.	<i>Her Old Servant.</i>
Mr. Richards,	Mr. Goslin.	<i>Brother to Dame Dobson.</i>
Mr. Kynaston,	Collonel.	<i>In Love with the Countess.</i>
Mr. Jevon,	Mr. Gillet.	<i>A Young Citizen.</i>
Mr. Wilshire,	Mr. Gerrard.	<i>A Gentleman Host.</i>
Mr. Mansfort,	Mr. Hartwell.	
Mr. Bright,	Mr. Farmer.	
Mr. Leigh,	Mr. Jenkin.	
La. Slingsby,	Lady Noble.	
Mrs. Petty,	Lady Rich.	
Mrs. Butler,	Mrs. Clerimont.	
Mrs. Currer,	Mrs. Featly.	
Mrs. Percival,	Mrs. Jenkin.	
Mrs. Leigh,	Mrs. Prudence.	
Mrs. Osborn,	Mrs. Hellen.	
Mrs. Percival,	Mrs. Susan.	

Dame

Dame Dobson.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Dame Dobson and Decoy.

Decoy. 'T Was Prudently done of you Yesterday (when Mr. *Gerrald* came to know what was become of his Pistols) to send down word you was gone into the City, by that I gain'd time to get 'em Painted, as also the Table in the Closet, where they are to be found.

Dame. That's well done.

Decoy. I have got the Picture of Mr. *Valentine* that has the Pistols, who took 'em away only because he believ'd the other party would not fail coming to you to know how they were lost; and the Jest is, he thinks he stole 'em so cunningly, that if you discover the Theft, he will think you the greatest Sorceress in the world: and this my Care and Diligence has found out.

Dame. Well, Mr. *Decoy*, It shall not be out of your way.

Decoy. Nay, I spoke not as to that, 'tis sufficient we understand one another, the multitudes of Fools who daily flock to you, cry you up on all sides.

Dame. There's not one but this Mr. *Gerrald* that speaks against me, and he rails at me where e're he comes.

Decoy. Though you are no Sorceress, yet you have the wit to make the World think so, and that's the same thing as if you really were one.

Dame. I am much beholden to *Beatrice* for't; well, she's an admirable Wench to draw Fools into the Net, she affects an innocent, simple carriage, which makes 'em believe twenty silly Stories.

Decoy. I always said *Beatrice* was a Treasure; but pray how goes the Business of the Marriage which the jealous Lady wou'd so fain prevent.

Dame. The misfortunes which I foretold to the Countess (who has been my Client a great while) have disheartned her enough already; she is to come again to know the effects of a pretended Consultation that I am to have with a Spirit which I make her believe is my Intelligence, and acquaints me with every

(2)
thing, and in this Business I have a double advantage, for she not only pays me for this, but the Lady Noble, who secretly loves the Colonel, fees me to hinder the Marriage by virtue of my Art.

Decoy. You are not the only Person that takes Bribes on both sides.

Dame. Have you got those Paintings here that are for carrying on the business of the Pistols we talk of?

Decoy. Let Mr. Gerrald come when he will, every thing is in readiness as I told you; nor have I been wanting in my Endeavours to procure you another Carcass, I have been with the Executioner, and he has promis'd me another dead body fresh from the Gallows, he'll send it you as soon as Execution is over; that trick once more will make you famous as long as you live.

Dame. I'll study a fit occasion to imploy it to my best advantage. Be gone.

[Exit Decoy.]

SCENE II.

Dame Dobson and Mrs. Hellem.

Dame. **W**Hat News Mrs. Hellem?

Hel. Ah Dame Dobson, I am almost out of breath, I slipt out at our back door, and came running to acquaint you, that the Countess is instantly coming to you.

Dame. Let her come, I am prepar'd what to say, being such a Credulous person as I know she is; let her Marry him after that if she dare.

Hel. Yes, but you don't know that the Collonel whom she'd be well enough pleas'd with for a Husband, comes along with her in disguise of her Footman, whom she has promis'd to make happy, if he can any wayes convince her, that what you do is all but a Cheat; and he has disguis'd himself to try if you or any of your Devils are Cunning enough to discover him; therefore be upon your guard.

Dame. I am glad to hear this, for it saves me a great deal of trouble, and in the hurry of business I might not have taken the pains to have found it out. But does not the Countess think you suspect our Correspondence?

Hel. How shou'd she? I am always speaking against you to her; I say daily to her, that 'tis by meer chance if you tell any thing true, and to convince me of my error, she runs o're all the particular remarkable things of her life, which she pretends you have given her an account of; but little thinks she all this while that 'tis from me you know'em.

Dame. I cou'd with long study. But because this business is in haste, and requires all our diligence, 'tis the more ready way to know all by your Intelligence, and cuts our work short.

Hel. O well thought on too, I had like to have forgot to tell you, that after she has convers'd with you bare-fac'd, she will presently come again in a Mask; and I am to be with her in a Mask too. I'll point at you with my finger

finger, or make some other sign by which you shall know us: Before fail not, but tell the same misfortunes as formerly.

Dame. I'll warrant you.

Enter Beatrice.

Beatrice. Your Countess is come.

Hell. I'll be gon then out at the back door. I'll not fail to bring you an exact account of every thing they say when they return home. [*Exit Hellen.*]

Dame. *Beatrice* bring 'em in here, and tell 'em I have been shut up in private this good while. [*Exit Dame.*]

Beat. Please you to walk in here. —

SCENE III.

Enter Countess, Collonel in Livery, and Beatrice.

Count. **W**Here is Mrs. Dobson?

Beat. Your Honour must have a little Patience.

Count. Is any one with her?

Beat. No, an please your Honour; but she has lock'd her self up in her black Garret, taken her great Book, and call'd for a glass of Water, I suppose she is at work for your Honour.

Count. I'll expect then, Pray when she comes forth, let me be the first that speaks with her.

Beat. I'll go and watch her coming forth for that purpose. [*Ex. Beat.*]

Count. I vow and protest Collonel, I am very much troubled to see you in this dress; if any one shou'd come and know you, what would they say?

Col. There is no danger of that, I came in a Chair, I run no hazard of being known, but you might have saved the trouble of this disguise if you wou'd have given less Credit to this Canting she-Fortune-teller, who invents a company of idle stories only to get your Money.

Count. You will have it then that Fortune-tellers are Cheats.

Col. 'Tis their Profession, they can tell nothing, and only work upon the Credulity of People they meet with.

Count. But examine the Case a little, what reason can this Woman have think you, to hinder my marrying of you?

Col. I know not, unless I have some secret Rival that wou'd supplant me. And I cannot imagine how your Woman Mrs. *Hellen*, shou'd be more quick of apprehension than your Honour; She tells you daily you converse with an Ignorant prating Woman, one, that if you believe, the world will censure you for your easiness.

Count. *Hellen*'s a Fool, and has no reason to say so; for after those Truths this Woman has told me, so often I ought to Credit her; Do not therefore persist in perswading me to render my self unhappy by Marriage that wou'd prove so disastrous.

Col. The misfortune that will make us both unhappy, is, that you will believe her.

Count. You have heard my Reasons, and you see I take all care possible thoroughly to inform my self for your sake, and endeavour more particularly to know what sort of Mischiefs they are that would ensue such an Engagement, and if it be a fatality that cannot be avoided, my resolution depends on what she shall now say; and all this I have done that you may no longer have a pretence to say that what she does, is all but Artifice and Cheat.

Col. I doubt not but we shall presently know the truth of that to both our satisfactions. Before to question her about me, I am certain her Devil can invent her nothing of my disguise. And as to Mr. *Gerrald* that came to you last night, do you think he will tell him where to find his Pistols agen?

Count. Why not?

Col. He neither believes, nor hopes it himself.

Count. If she shou'd not tell him who took 'em, I shou'd not believe her a Cheat, for that she is not oblig'd to know every thing; It suffices me that she never tells any thing but what is true.

Col. I submit Madam, I now begin to be convinc'd, that she has some Witchcraft in her; for certainly if she had not set a spell upon you, you cou'd never be so zealous in her Justification; for my part, I know not what can be done more to undeceive you.

Count. Silence, she is coming down, go further off.

SCENE IV.

Dame Dobson, Countess, and Collonel.

Dame. Show those Ladies into the next Room, Ple come to 'em anon.

Count. Well, my dear *Dame Dobson*, have you done what you can for me?

Dame. Your Honour forgets your Servant is here; Friend wait without.

Count. No, Pray let him stay here, though I have great Confidence in you, yet I shou'd dye with fear if some body I know were not by me to encourage me a little.

Dame. Why did you not bring your Woman with you?

Count. Well, what have you to tell me now, I tremble for fear it shou'd be ill News.

Dame. Your Honour may choose whether you will believe me, or not; but let me tell you, Death, Ruine and Bloodshed will attend your Nuptials, if you proceed in this Marriage.

Count. Say you so, But cannot these things be prevented?

Dame. No, you may run the risque if you please, I have given you fair warning.

Count. But pray tell me, what sort of Misfortune will follow if we proceed?

Dame.

Dame. They wholly relate to the Person you love, when he Marries he will love his Wife so, that hee'l be jealous to the highest degree.

Count. He is not in the least inclin'd to Jealousie.

Dame. I tell thee he will be jealous, and so excessively jealous, that his Wife shall never enjoy one minutes quiet; 'Twill be his fortune to kill a man of considerable Quality, and an intimate Friend of his Wives, whom he'll find one Evening discoursing with her; for which he'll lose his Head.

Count. Lose his Head! there's an end then, I'll not marry him.

Dame. And this misfortune will not only happen to him infallibly in marrying of you; but if he marry any other Woman. Now it lies in your power to prevent all this if you have him.

Count. I'll not marry him, that's for certain; but pray tell me, can you resolve me one thing, I wou'd fain know what that Party is now a doing.

Dame. What shall I get by telling you a thing that you will believe is all by ghefs?

Count. Ne'rtheless, 'twill please me very well to hear, and 'twill confirm my beliefin all the rest when I shall enquire, and be assur'd that his actions agree with your words.

Dame. Are you of a Spirit not to be daunted?

Count. It may be I may.

Dame. Then send away your Footman, and your own Eyes shall presently inform you what your Lover is doing, but be not frighted, for the Apparition shall not be very terrible.

Count. What, see the Devil! I am ready to dye at the very apprehension.

Dame. He shall be very civil, have a good heart.

Count. I thank you for that, I wou'd not see the Devil for all the world!

Dame. I'll run up to my Chamber then, and bring you word presently what I see in my Magick Glasse.

[Exit

SCENE V.

Collonel and Countess.

Col. **W**ELL what will your Honour wager now, that her Devil lets her see what I am doing? You wanted assurance or you might have discovered the Cheat before she went out of the Room.

Count. You wou'd have had me have ventur'd then to have seen the Devil!

Col. Yes.

Count. But she'd have put you out of the Room, and I shou'd have been alone with her.

Col. Is not that an Argument of her Cheating doings; Shee'l only practice before Women whose reason is o'recome by their fear, and won't admit so much as a Footman to be by?

Count. Let me advise you to look well to your self, I shall ever have a particular Esteem and Friendship for you: But what censure soe're I undergo of be

in

ing too credulous, I will never be the occasion of your killing any Man on my account; nor of your being Beheaded.

Col. Is't possible then that you believe all this?

Count. You think she is a Cheat, but what if she finds out that you are not the person you seem, and that you are come here in disguise, what will you say then?

Col. Shee'l not dream of that I warrant you, her Astrological Spectacles will fail her there.

Count. It may be so; but if it falls out otherwise, will you then promise me to Marry?

And if it happens as I say, will your Honour promise me to Marry me?

Count. Whist, she's coming.

SCENE VI.

Collonel, Countess, and Dame Dobson.

Dame. I Have very strange News to tell you.

Count. What pray, let me know it quickly?

Dame. I have seen your Lover.

Count. And how?

Dame. He is upon some Design, for he has put himself in the habit of a Footman, and is in earnest Discourse with a Lady!

Count. How's that, in the habit of a Footman talking to a Lady!

Dame. Perhaps hee'l deny it to you when you tax him with it, but be positive n't, for it is so, nothing is more certain.

Count. I do believe you, you never told me any thing yet but what was certainly true.

Dame. They stood sidelong to me as they were talking, and therefore I could not see their faces, to tell you what features either of 'em have.

Count. This is sufficient, and I'll trouble you with no more Questions at present, I am in such a wonder, that I know not what to say, I'll take my leave; to-morrow I'll come again to know the whole Concern.

Dame. Hereafter bring one of your Women with you, I care not for Livery-men.

Count. It shall be so no more.

[*Collonel and Countess* Exit.

Dame Dobson and Decoy.

Dame. The business is done, the Countess is gone, and han't a word to say.

Decoy. I heard all from my stand, I am very much mistaken if the Two hundred pounds are not our own, now she is absolutely off from the Marriage, it us now be upon our Guard, for the Collonel being enraged at her refusal to marry him, will do all he can to discover our practice: And whether he comes

comes himself, or sends any body else upon Design; we shall have enough to do to look to our hits.

[Enter Beatrice.]

Beatrice. Here's a kind of Citizen wou'd speak with you.

Decoy. What manner of man is he?

Beat. A little Queerish upon the City Cut.

Decoy. I'll return to my hiding hole, 'tis for certain the Courageous W... that I told you of this morning. If it be he, I'll come forth and play my part. He'll be no lean Fool, he'll baste well in the Roasting.

Dame. Bid him come in.

[Decoy Exit.]
[Beatrice Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Dame Dobson and Mr. Gillet.

Gillet. Good Morrow to you Madam.

Dame. The like to you Sir.

Gillet. They say you are a Wise woman, and know every thing; if so, you must know my Mistress, one that I am a Suitor to.

Dame. What of her?

Gillet. She is one that lov'd me formerly.

Dame. And you lov'd her a little.

Gill. Right—I find she is a Witch—

Dame. She cou'd not choose but return your love.

Gill. I am no very ugly person, besides, I have a Tongue well enough hung.

Dame. No doubt you have a good toward wit of your own.

Gill. Nay, I am like my Father for that, I know both when, where, how and what, as occasion shall serve. But as to my Mistress, I wou'd fain have married her—I need not tell you that neither—But since she has been acquainted with a certain sort of People that are come from *Tangier* and *France*, who talk of nothing but Campaigns, Sieges and Battles, wou'd you believe it; she's in a manner ashamed of my Company, and they nothing but make Sport and laugh and jeer her out of conceit with me; and—now and then I have a devilish mind to be at some of them; But because I have never been in the Army, nor us'd to Fighting, I let 'em alone for fear I shou'd be beaten; and for that reason I hold my Tongue.

Dame. You have a great deal of Prudence upon my word: But why don't you pass a Campaign in the Wars, that wou'd teach you to be as brisk and as brave as the best of 'em. You only want being flecth.

Gill. Yes, but—

Dame. I find you want Courage.

Gill. Pray Pardon me there, for I have as much Courage as any man can have; If any body angers me, I warrant you I shan't speak to 'em in half a year after.

Gillet. But it may be you may have the Discretion never to shew your stoutness.

Gillet. But I have been in the Artillery Ground three or four times in Buff.

and

and when I have come home, I have shot off my Musquet in the Street that I have made the very Houses shake agen—when—I am naturally inclin'd to the Wars, and there is scarce a Night passes, but I dream of fighting and killing, and never am alone in the dark, but am throwing my Arms about, and talking as if I was beating of this man, and that man, and t'other man—

Dame. That demonstrates your Inclination, and it is a fair Prognostick. And t'other day being alone in my Chamber, arm'd Cap a-pee, as I came from Training, seeing my self in the Glass, methoughts I had such a brave Air, and look'd so like a Warrior, I was extremely pleas'd, and cou'd not bear Skirmishing against the great Raw-bon'd people in the Hangings, I made an Ass of Sampson with his Jaw-bone. And I find I cou'd be as sharp upon real persons, but that there's one little difficulty I can't o'recome.—

Dame. What is that?

Gill. A Musquet Shot or a Cannon Bullet ne'r minds where it goes, it kills a stout man as soon as another, that now is very foolish.

Dame. But what wou'd you have me do for you?

Gill. No great matter, 'tis only to give me a Charm to make me Sword and Cannon proof.

Dame. You'd be invulnerable then!

Gill. Ay invulnerable, I know 'tis nothing to you.

Dame. I confess I have a secret, but there are certain difficulties.

Gill. Pough, no; How many Hundreds are there in the Wars that have Charms, and come home safe every day?

Dame. How do you know they have Charms?

Gill. Well enough, wou'd they be such Fools! I'll think you, to run upon Cannon mouths and stand with their Breasts against Musquets to be shot at?—

Dame. You see many are kill'd every day.

Gill. Ay, a number of poor Rogues that had not money to go to the price of 'em; or a Company of Hectoring Bullies without fear or wit, that scorn to be beholden to any body, you may be sure they that are kill'd had no Charms; and Dame pray be free with me, don't you now and then do such a Kindness?

Dame. I confess ingeniously I do, but because it is a great secret in Nature, it will cost you dear.

Gill. For Money I can do well enough, my Father's an Alderman, he is call'd Christopher Gillet, and if through your means I can bring the Name of the Gillets into Reputation, trust you to me for your reward.

Dame. I have that, not far off, which will do your business, but be sure you never tell any body, how, or from whom you have it, if you do, the Charm will vanish.

Gill. Pough, Do you take me for a fool, or no; somebody shall find now I have Courage.

Dame. Within there—Bring me one of those Swords that hang up on the Wall, under the Planet Mars.

Gill. O He's the God of War—

Dame. Yes, they have Charms belong to 'em, and are incanted, I have not above two left, the Wars have swept 'em all away, and 'twill cost me Six Months labour to prepare more.

Gill.

Gill. And when I have one of them, need not I be afraid?

Dame. No, if any body affront you, do but draw, and they shall run away, or be disarmed if they stay.

Gill. That's just as I wou'd have it; Since 'tis so, Ple not fear any man that wears a head, and you shall have the Credit on't. *[Enter Beatrice, with a Sword and Ring]*

Dame. The world shall talk of nothing but your Bravery; Sir there, it is; but stay, when you have occasion to use it, put but your Thumb against the guard, grasping the handle with your fore-fingers, and close 'em fast with your little finger.

Gill. Is it thus I must hold it?

Dame. Hold it fast firm, close there, your thumb stiff against the guard, right as can be; In that consists the Charm.

Gill. Ah you shall see how I'll mannage it, ha, ha, ha.

Dame. Though you shou'd chance to hit your Enemies *[Marches along with his naked Sword]* but upon the Shins, yet shall the point run diametrically through his Heart.

Gill. And you'll secure me I shall ne'r be kill'd?

Dame. Ple assure your life as long as you follow my Directions, and hold your Thumb as I show'd you.

SCENE VIII.

Dame Dobson, Gillet, Decoy. *[Habited like a Bravo.]*

Dame. **W**Hither go you Sir? Nobody is to come up here without giving me notice first, and having my leave.

Decoy. I come to you about Business—

Dame. But Sir, I am not at leisure.—

Decoy. Fain in haste, my Business is urgent, and therefore Sir, if you please, depart the-Room.

Gill. No Sir, I don't please (methinks I am a little faint-hearted still).

Decoy. What little Prigg is this with a Sword by his side, and that City Dough-bak't face?

Dame. Ne're mind what he says, take no notice of him.

Decoy. Do you know good Mr. *Citt*, that I shall tumble you down Stairs if you don't rubb.—

Gill. Perhaps Sir (Courage Gillet, Courage)

Dame. Sir, I have Business with the Gentleman.—

Decoy. That's pleasant, Business with him?—

Gill. If I had no more Wit now than you.

Decoy. What say you?—

Dame. No disturbance pray, let's go into the next Room, he'll stay till we have done.—

Decoy. No, I'm resolv'd to stay here, and if he does not soon remove his
fools head out of my sight, Ple throw him out at Window.——

Gill. If you anger me a little more (Now Sword, now *Gillet*, now, now.——

Decoy. What's that you mutter to your self there?

Gill. What's that to you, if you go to that——

Decoy. Then there's that to you.

[*Strikes Gillet a box on the Ear.*

Gill. *Gillet*, to him *Gillet*. [*Aside.*

Decoy. You look as if you had a mind to draw.——

Gill. Firm, fast, Thumb stiff against the Guard.

[*Gillet draws.*

Dame. What mean you, Sir, will you undo me? I beseech you spare him,
have mercy on him.

Gill. No, my Honour won't suffer it; therefore—— [*Fights, Decoy retreats,*
Ah Coward, dare you not stand your ground? Take and his Sword falls.
your Sword agen, you see I have disarm'd you, and can kill you if I please.

Dame. But pray spare his life, you have the better, and that's Honour
enough.

Decoy. A Pox of all ill luck, that my Sword shou'd fly out of my hand.

Gill. Tak't up agen if you please, I fear no man that wears a head, I am ready
for you agen.

Dame. You'l depart peaceably if I give you your Sword?

Decoy. On my Honour I shall meet that Spark another time.

[*She gives Decoy his Sword.*

[*Ex. Decoy.*

Dame. Are you satisfied in my Art now, Sir?

Gill. Dear Dame, you have made me a happy Man, wou'd you were a Queen
or an Empress; There, there's my Purse, take what you please.

Dame. You are so generous, and so much a Gentleman, that it troubles me
that you had such a Box on the Ear.

Gill. That was none of the Swords fault, and so long I care not; I am satis-
fied if I had drawn it sooner, I had not had the Box on the Ear.

Dame. Ay that's certain.

Gill. Now let any of the *Flanders* Bullies, or *Tangierins* laugh at me if
they dare.

Dame. But Mr. *Gillet*, have a care of being too brisk, killing a Man you
know brings one into a great deal of trouble.

Gill. You say true.

Dame. Therefore you had better change your course of life, and go to the
Wars; after one Campaign or two you may come to be Collonel of a Regi-
ment, perhaps a General.

Gill. A General!

Dame. Yes, a General!

Gill. Shall I live to see the Name of *Gillet* in the Gazetts, what a joy wou'd
that be to my old Father and Mother? Ple run and get me some other Accou-
trements presently, I long now to see my self like a Cavalier.

Dame. You'll be an absolute Hero.

Gill. But who is this comes in so briskly? Shall I turn him down Stairs?

S C E N E IX.

Dame Dobson, Gillet, and Mr. Gerrald.

Ger. **H**ow Sir! you turn me down Stairs!—

Gill. Heah—

Ger. And heah too, what sort of Fellow's this? what a Figure he is.

Gill. A Figure Sir?—If once my Sword begins to lay about, it runs Di-
metrically through your Heart.

Dame. Go, go, wou'd you offer to kill a man that can't defend himself? you know 'tis impossible for him to resist you: Go and fight for your Mistress, and take her from your Rivals.

Gill. Well remembred, Ple go and kill half a dozen Rivals presently, Marry my Mistress, beat her into better manners, and live like a *Hero* all the rest of my life, Adieu. [*Gillet Exit.*]

Ger. What foolish whimsical fellow was this?

Dame. One that has been troubling me here a good while. But what pray brings you here, I cannot but wonder at that.—

Ger. I have a suit to you.

Dame. What's that?

Ger. Only to be beholden to your Art to resolve me one Question.

Dame. Alas Sir, I am an ignorant Woman, and know nothing, my Art is meer Gullery, you know it, and have said so a Thousand times.

Ger. If you tell me right as to a Theft that has been committed two dayes since, I promise to change my Opinion, and never to speak against you as long as I live.

Dame. Have you lost any thing then?

Ger. Yes, a pair of Pistols, and the best that ever were made, and for which I wou'd be willing to give double the price they cost.

Dame. You'd willingly have 'em agen, but my Art does not extend so far, I have no Skill.

Ger. My Pistols, I beseech you my Pistols.

Dame. How shou'd I tell you where they are? I concern my self in Matter of another Nature, in relation to good or evil fortune.

Ger. Come lay aside your Passion, and be not angry, do what I request.

Dame. You deserve it well at my hands. But within there, Bring me a Basin of Water. Well Sir, you your self shall see the thing distinctly, and because you shan't think that I have any interest to deceive you, I declare beforehand I'll have none of your Money.

Ger. I understand what is fit.—

Dame. Come Sir, here's what is requisite— [*Enter Beatrice with Water.*]
Are things in readines. [*Aside, to Beatrice.*]

Bea. Proceed with Courage, nothing is wanting.

Dame. Stand in this fashion as I do, and fix your Eyes upon the Water without moving them off. See you nothing now?

Ger. Nothing.

Dame. Nothing at all? you don't look right then; for I see as plainly as can be.

Ger. You may see what you please, but 'tis I am to see; O I begin to see now, I see my Pistols lying upon a Table in a Closet, where to my thinking I have been some time or other, I—I see nothing now again, where shall I go to see 'em, I can't call the place to mind?

Dame. I think I have done enough to let you see the place where the Pistols are.

Ger. But I had rather you would have shown me the Thief that stole 'em, then 'twould have been no great trouble to get 'em again.

Dame. Now my hand's in, I will not do things by halves for you: Look you in the Glass, but without turning away your eyes, for the Figure of him that took your Pistols will appear but a moment; what do you see?

Ger. Ha! 'Tis *Valentine*, an intimate Friend of mine. The other day I hid a Sword of his in jest, and he to requite me, has watcht his opportunity and taken my Pistols to make me look for 'em, I'll run to his Lodgings presently.

Dame. You may go with Confidence, I never fail to tell right.

Ger. You will be no loser by this piece of Service, I am counted a man not easily to be cozened, and 'twill be no small reputation to have Converted a man of my Principles: At present I take my leave without farther Ceremony. [Ex.

Decoy. So he's gone, this pass'd cleverly.

Dame. He's more than half won already: And if once I bring him over to my side, away goes he to the Countess, and I doubt not but what he tells her of the business of the Basson will induce her belief to all I shall tell her hereafter. But now whilst we have time, let us take order that every thing may be in readiness to deceive the rest, that I am promis'd to be brought here to day.

Decoy. Ay, Aye, we shall have more Woodcocks in the Spring anon, I warrant you. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Dame Dobson and Lady Noble.

Dame. **Y**our continual Bounty so obliges me, that my Inclinations are wholly to serve your Ladiship.

Noble. You are not to reckon the Present I make you now for any part of my former Promise; Nor shall I think the Two hundred pound a sufficient Reward for your trouble, if you can prevent this Marriage.

Dame.

Dame. I use all the Skill I have.

Nob. I am convinc'd you do, I have some faithful Spies about the Collonel, and they tell me already, the Countess hath declared, That she will never Marry him; but whilst my old Man lives, I cannot have the least pretension imaginable; yet what from what you have often told me, I have flatter'd my self all along with the hopes of his Death, for then nothing will hinder, but that I may own my love for the Collonel.

Dame. Though your old grey Beard is not underground, yet I assure you in few Months you shall be a Widdow, and that the Collonel shall not Marry the Countess.

Nob. But I have one scruple yet, which I had like to have forgot, and that came in my head last Night as I was going to sleep, which if you clearly will add much to my Satisfaction.

Dame. What is that?

Nob. You have assured me that my Husband shall dye shortly, but not that he shall dye before me; I fear you took his life into consideration, but concern'd not your self with mine.

Dame. 'Tis right as you say, I did not indeed, but your Youth and Health gives you fair assurance in that point: However my next scrutiny into the Secrets of Fate shall be to know who shall dye first, you or your Husband, is not the question stated to your mind now?

Nob. Yes, Pray be speedy in't—

Dame. Ple send to you in few hours.

Nob. Adieu then for the present; some one is coming to you— [Exit Noble.]

Dame. Your Ladiship may rest assur'd of my Service.—

Beatrice. Here's one will prefs in, he wou'd take no denial.

SCENE IV.

Dame Dobson, and Susan a Countrey Girl.

Susan. **G**Od give you good Den, is it you, I pray, that is call'd my *Dame Dobson*?

Dame. Yes pretty Maiden, I am she.

Susan. I intreat you then to dispatch me quickly, for I am to return to my Aunt who stays for me with her Husband, who is a Servant to as great a Lord as any belongs to the Court; I told 'em I wou'd but step and see a Cousin of mine, who is out at Nurse-keeping at this end of the Town, and wou'd come to 'em presently.

Dame. Very good! and what wou'd you with me?

Sus. What wou'd I?—

Dame. Yes.

Sus. I am mis-inform'd I see,—but perhaps you won't do any thing for me because I am but a Countrey body.

Dame. No, no, Sweetheart. I'll do as much for thee as for any Dutche's; what's your Business?

Sus.

Suf. Nay, but you are not that Dame *Dobson* that is the Cunning Woman.

Dame. Come, come tell me your business, I am she you look't for; I am the Cunning Woman.

Suf. Nay surely but you are not, for she that I lookt for, knows every thing; when I have been at our Landlord's house, where I promise you great Per- come every day, I have list'ned at the Doors, when they have been talk- and have heard 'em say, she could tell every manner of thing in the

Dame. They said true, and there is none of my Name professes the Art but

Suf. Why don't you divine then for me, I don't ask you to do it for nothing, you can tell well enough that I'll pay you for't, and that a certain Person gives me Money unknown to my Mother, or any body but my own sen.

Dame. I know that very well, and also that that person has a great Kind- ness for you.

Suf. Nay, since you know that, you know all.

Dame. Yes, I know all, and you wish well to that certain person too, you know something.

Suf. Shou'd not I love them that love me? he has told me so a hundred times, and will sigh and be as melancholy as any thing, and sayes if I don't love him agen, I shall be the death of him; And he being a fine handsom Gentleman, I wou'd not have him dye for ne're so much, no indeed. —

Dame. It wou'd be a great deal of Cruelty. —

Suf. And it wou'd go near to break my Ladies heart, he's her only Son.

Dame. But what do you do now to hinder him from dying?

Suf. I meet him sometimes in the Barn, and let him play with me, and put his hand down my Neck, and into my Bosom, and chuck me under the Chin, and kifs me; and sometimes he'll kifs me till he almost stifles me.

Dame. And sometimes unties your Garter. —

Suf. I fee you know it without my telling; but that was never but once, when he askt me to see my Leg. — And then he pincht me by the thigh that it was black and blew agen.

Dame. Wou'd he hurt you then? —

Suf. O, but he did not mean any harm, for all the while he lay kissing me, as if he wou'd have kifs'd the breath out of my body, and call'd me his Dear life and Soul; he did so tremble, and his hand was so soft and warm methought.

Dame. And this is all you ever did for him! — He never askt you any more?

Suf. Only to love him. —

Dame. And that you do to be sure. —

Suf. Yes; but it is but two dayes since I told him so, for I had a mind to know first if he lov'd me indeed and indeed; but when I told him he was so pleased, so pleased. —

Dame. I believe it, you found him very Courteous. —

Suf. O then he hug'd me, and squeeze'd me, and suckt my very breath out, and said if I wou'd do something, as that he'd tell me another time, he wou'd Marry me. —

Dame.

Dame. But when my little Maiden?

Suf. You can tell me when, and that's it I come to know of you.

Dame. Hark you Sweet heart! don't let him have his will of you till thou art his Wife.

Suf. I am too young yet, he sayes; and therefore I have such a mind to—have.

Dame. Have a care of your self, or you'll be undone.

Suf. Why? what harm can it be for me more than all the great Maids in Parish? why may not I have 'em as well as they?

Dame. I am at a loss agen, I am more puzzled with this silly Girl, than with the cunningest Customer I have.

Suf. How much must I give you pray now for doing it? If you will have Money beforehand, see I have brought a piece of Gold here.

Dame. I know what 'tis you'd have, but persons that come to me for any thing, must ask me for't by Name; that I may be sure I have their full consent and liking to what I do.

Suf. An't it all one if I tell you afterwards?

Dame. No, there is a great difference in that.

Suf. I can't abide to ask you, do something for me without—there's my Piece of Gold for you. Ple give it you all if you'll do't for me without naming.—

Dame. Be not asham'd, out with it, nobody hears.

Suf. No, give me my Money agen, I had rather never have great Bubbies as long as I live, than ask for 'em my self.—

Dame. There 'ris out at last.—The thing that you'd ask of me is, that you may have full Breasts, that I wou'd make 'em grow for you, that they may rise up round and plump, like some of your Companions.

Suf. O dear, O dear, I am so asham'd—

Dame. I have such a Kindness for you, that I promise you, you shall, and for a Charm to make 'em grow, you must stroke 'em every morning before you get up, and say three times fasting, Grow Breasts, grow; Rise Bubbies rise; Can you remember this?—

Suf. Grow Breasts grow, Rise Bubbies rise; Methinks they begin to swell a little already.—

Dame. Go your ways, Pretty one, assure your self that within three or four Months your Breasts shall rise and be as round and as hard as the very Turnips that grow in your Garden.

Suf. O dear--that you shou'd know we have Turnips grow in our Garden too.

Dame. You see I know every thing.

Suf. Well, now my heart's at ease, 'twill be but a little while now before I am Married, for Mr. Ambrose told me when my Breasts were bigger and— Give you good Den, and thank you forsooth.

[Exit Susan.]

Dame. Fare you well, poor Simplicity, this young Landlord will ruine her: But who comes here? Ah Mr. Hartwell!

Dame Dobson, and Mr. Hartwell.

Hart. I met a pretty young Country Lass going out.

Dame. You see I have to do with all sorts. But where have you been that I han't seen you all this while?

Hart.

Hart. In the Country ; where betwixt Love and Jealousie, I have been almost distracted ; I have been as Unfortunate as you foretold.

Dame. What's the Matter ?

Hart. The young Widow that I told you I courted, after all her assurances of Kindness to me, was perswaded at last to admit other Pretenders, I sigh'd and made my Complaints, but she insulted the more.---

Dame. Why did you not come to me to know what to do ?

Hart. At last I was perswaded by a Relation of hers, who stands up for my right to see what effects my Absence wou'd work on her : In order to it, I took a solemn leave, told her that I remov'd my self from her sight, that my Complaints might no longer be troublesome to her.

Dame. That sudden Resolution startled her.

Hart. No, she was stout, and ne'r so much as askt me to stay, I have been this Month at *Tunbridge*, I came to Town but last Night, and my Friend tells me, that several of her Acquaintance that came thence inform'd her I made Love to a certain Lady there, for whom she has no kindness, at which she was much surpriz'd, and is grown jealous.

Dame. That's a good sign.

Hart. My Friend took the hint, and perswaded her, that her unkindness and slights, had forced me to this remedy, to put her out of my thoughts ; at which she is so piqu'd, that she has but this morning resolv'd to come sometime to day to know of you how I stand affected.

Dame. Let her come, Does she know you are in Town ?

Hart. No, nor shall not till I see how her inclinations are to me. It lies in your power to do me a particular kindness, by assuring her I am the truest, faithfulst, constant Lover.

Dame. I warrant you.

Hart. But let me tell you, she has no great opinion of Persons of your Profession, and you will not very easily bring her to believe what you say, unless you can do't by some extraordinary means.

Dame. Because I have many Businessses in hand that requires haste, and lest she shou'd come before my Art can be prepar'd for her reception, I will do it by a Trick that will very much surprize her, and be extream pleasant.

Hart. Do so, if you are sure it will not fail.

Dame. I warrant you. Ho *Beatrice*, call Mrs. *Francis* to me presently.

Enter Beatrice and Mrs. Francis.

Beat. Here she is, we were talking together at the Stairs head.

Dame. Come near, Mrs. *Francis*, I have a word to whisper in your ear.

[*Dame whispers with her.*]

Franc. Ple about it presently.---

Dame. Hark you once more---

[*Whispers again.*]

Franc. Ple be sure to take care.

Dame. Do every thing just as before, and let *Devy* be in readines near hand.

Beatrice let it be your care to see 'em enter in due order.

Beat. Yes.

[*Beat. Franc. Exeunt.*]

Hart.

Hart. Now that you may not take any body else for my pretty Widow, Ple show you her Picture in a Minature, Take good notice of it, 'tis very like her.

Dame. You have reason to love her, she is a great Beauty, a delicate Brown.

Hart. Hear me Dame, if you wou'd have her credit you, I fear she will require good proofs of your Skill, for her Kinsman tells me, that she comes the perswasion of a Countess, where she was a Visiting not an hour since, she has assur'd her, that she can ask you nothing, that you can't satisfie her in.

Dame. She absolutely believes you are not in Town.

Hart. She sent a Lady of her Acquaintance a Letter at *Tunbridge* an inquisitive Letter about new Amours, and but yesterday received an Answer; I hapned to be of that parties particular Acquaintance, unknown to her, and prevail'd with her at parting to write her word of my continuance there, that she might not know any thing of my coming away; So that she does not in the least suspect I am so near.

Dame. Since 'tis so, Ple prompt her curiosity to see you. There's a Looking-glass I prepar'd for another Business, it shall now serve for this; when your Mistress is here, and you hear me make a sort of Invocation, steal softly forth behind her, as she is looking in the Glass, and be kissing her Picture, and this she will take for a great proof of your Love and Constancy.

Hart. I understand you.

Dame. After a Minute retreat, and if I demand any thing else (which you will guess by my words) come forth and perform it.

Hart. She has no belief of Spirits at all, and has a great presence of Mind; therefore have a care how you proceed.

Dame. Relye upon me. I'll not be mistaken I'll warrant you.

Bea. There's a very pretty Lady——

Enter Beatrice.

Desires to speak with you.

Hart. If it shou'd be her now.

Dame. Of what Complexion is she?

Beat. A lovely Brown.

Dame. Get you gone quickly, and be sure to listen to me. *[Hartwell Exit.* our Discourse, and remember about the Looking-glass.—Now bring her in, and be you near me, Ple give you the sign when you shall send Mrs. *Francis* in. That is a piece of management to amuze both the Lady and the Gallant that is absconded, that he may not think all I do is Legerdemain. This must be his Widow, she is so very like the Picture. Now let me see if this incredulous Lady cannot be wrought upon by my Practice. You are welcom, Lady.

SCENE VI.

Dame and Lady Rich.

Rich. I Am come to you at last, you are in Vogue, and 'tis now grown a fashion to visit you on all occasions; and I cannot but follow the Mode as others do.

D

Dame.

Dawn. My Knowledge is so very scant Madam, that perhaps you'll think your coming not worth the trouble.

Rich. Even in deceiving your knowledge is much; Because you know how to deceive persons of good discretion and parts.

Dame. To do that, wou'd cost me more trouble than to tell the truth.

Rich. See what you can tell me, here's my hand.

Dame. There's not a Line but denotes you a very fortunate Lady, born under a Planet of Benign influence, and good luck will attend you.

Rich. Pass by what is so general.

Dame. You are a Widow. The grief for the Death of your first Husband is almost worn from your Heart, by the hopes of a Second; You have many Pretenders: But there's one loves you above the rest in a high degree, and he is very jealous, impatient if you but look upon another man, and quarrells with you, if access of Passion may be call'd so.

Rich. There is something in that—

[*Dame makes a sign to Beatrice, that they should come in order.*]

Dame. He has been absent some time, and you have treated him so ill, that now he is from you, you are apprehensive lest you should lose him.

Rich. It may be so.

Dame. But fear nothings, he has an Inclination to no person but your self, and if you Marry him you'll be the happiest Woman in a Husband of all your Sex.

Rich. This is no very ill beginning; but let me freely tell you, that I am one of small faith, and if you wou'd have me believe you to be a Woman of such Knowledge as you pretend to, you must tell me something more remarkable than you do to others.

Enter Beatrice.

Beatr. There's a Gentlewoman without brought to you in a Chair. She says she is come a great way to speak with you.

Dame. Can't you tell who she is? run and desire her to come again an hour hence, I am not at leisure to speak with any body now.

Beatr. If you did but see her, you'd have Compassion for her, she is in such a sad Condition, and so full of Pain that I have not the heart to send her away. Be pleas'd to see her Dame, I never saw the like in all my life.

[*Mrs. Francis shrieks without.*]

Rich. She may need your speedy help, Hark yonder how she shrieks; I'll have patience awhile.

Dame. I am very sorry I should make you wait. Call her in.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Dame Dobson, Lady Rich, Mrs. Francis, Beatrice, Mrs. Francis Drest like a Country Gentlewoman, very extraordinary big and swell'd upon the Belly and Stomach.

Franc. **M** Adam, your Reputation is so great, and your Doings so wonderful, that I am come to desire you— [*Speaks to the Lady Rich*]

Rich. You're under a mistake, Madam. I am not the Person you mean.

Franc. Pardon my Error, I am in such pain, and so afflicted with what I undergo, that—

Dame. You are vastly swell'd indeed, your Tympany is very extraordinary.

Franc. Eh, hi, hi, oh—

Rich. Alas, good Gentlewoman.

Franc. Pray do what you can for me, I am inform'd that you not only can tell by Astrology things past, present, and to come; but that also you have Charms to cure all Diseases, not cureable by the Physicians, and Counter-charms for Witchcrafts and the like.

Dame. I am acquainted with some such Secrets, but yours is a very strange Distemper.

Franc. I don't ask you to make an absolute cure at present, but only to assuage the pain, and give me a little ease.

Rich. You ought not to refuse her that Kindness.

Dame. Tell me true, Do you not think it above my Skill.

Rich. Ple believe you an able Woman indeed, if you can do this.

Dame. It is Charity to ease the afflicted, and it concerns my reputation to comply with you.

Rich. Then you'll Cure this Tympany.

Dame. In your presence, your Ladship shall see it done, before the Gentlewoman goes hence, she shall not have the least pain, swelling, or appearance of any such thing.

Rich. You promise largely.

Franc. Good Madam. —

Dame. Dame if you please Call me Dame.

Franc. Good Dame then, don't promise any thing you are not sure to perform; I have been thus above these three years, and I shall be content to be cur'd in three months. The Doctors, Apothecaries, and Chyrurgeons have tryed their Skill to no purpose. Some say 'tis Witchcraft, and that I am under an ill Tongue.

Dame. Ple let you see that I know more than all of 'em. But you must find out somebody so Charitable as to be willing to take your swelling on them, for as it came by Witchcraft, so I cannot transmit it from your Body but to another, be it Man or Woman, as you please, that matters not.

Rich. I see your Evasion, because no body will be willing to be tortur'd, you hope to come off and save your Credit.

Franc. 'Tis apparent enough you don't know how to cure me, therefore nee go about to keep me in suspense.

Dame. I intend no such thing, do but you find out a Person, and I'll cure your Company.

Franc. Where shou'd I find out one, if your Servant there wou'd be willing to me that Kindness, I'd reward her well for't.

Dame. I Madam, I wou'd not have it for all you are worth; what wou'd the world say of a young Woman as I am? If I shou'd be seen with such a great belly, they wou'd not believe I came by it in that manner.

Rich. Your Servant is well vers'd in your Business, she has her lesson, and wou'd bring your Skill into Reputation by seeming afraid of your Charm, and by that wou'd make us believe you can do it.

Dame. You mistake Madam; No body here has any such designs.

Rich. I wou'd gladly see this Experiment. — Can you think of nobody that will do you such a curtesie? there are enough to be found for Money.

Franc. I will endeavour, but that requires time. Now I think on't, a Tenant's Man of mine is below, that I got to come up to Town with me, perhaps he'll do so much for me.

Rich. Quickly call him up.

Beat. Yes, Madam. —

[Beatrice Exib.

Dame. If the Fellow be willing, I ask but a half quarter of an hour, the Gentlewoman shall be eas'd of the Tympany.

Rich. He believe it Dame, when I see it.

Dame. Upon that point rest my Credit with you.

SCENE VIII.

Dame Dobson, Lady Rich, Mr. Francis, Beatrice, Decoy.

Franc. **H** Ark you honest William —

[Decoy dress'd like a Country Fellow.

Decoy. I thank you with all my heart Londlody, for your good will to me, the Gentlewoman here has told me the Business. I have no mind to have a Tympany. There's a Belly with all my heart; why all the folk wou'd call me Burslegut; no I thank you.

Franc. But hear what I say, if you'll do't for me Ple give thee Twenty Pieces, and be bound to maintain you all your life, without doing any manner of work, and here's Pen of 'em in hand.

Rich. Hark you friend, don't be such a Fool to refuse 'em. Are you so simple to think this Woman can remove the Tympany from her to you, 'tis impossible.

Decoy. So I think to tell you true forsooth; Well, well, give 'em me, Ple venture.

Dame.

Dame. It shall depart from her, but scarce be perceivable in you; Come sit you down here. *[She makes 'em both sit down in two Chairs.]*

Franc. I begin to tremble.

Rich. This goes on, and I begin not to know what to think on't.

Dame. Let no body speak a word. *{ Dame strokes 'em both with her hand upon the Belly and Stomach, speaks some Gibberish.*

Franc. Ah, ah.

Decoy. Ah, ah.

Franc. Eh, good Dame, Eh.

Decoy. Ah, ah, ah, What a rumbling and grumbling I feel in my Gut. Oh 'tis coming, 'tis coming.

Franc. Ah, ah, ah, the Tympany is going, 'tis going, Eh, eh, eh, I feel it, I feel it. 'Tis going, going, going; Ah ah.

Decoy. Ah, it Comes, it Comes, it Comes; ah, it Comes, it Comes, it Comes--

Franc. Ah my swelling, ah my swelling, Eh, eh, eh.

Decoy. Oh I burst, I burst, oh I burst; O-la, O-la, la, la, la, Ah, ah, ah, 'tis enough, enough, enough---Eh, I am half as big agen as my Landlady was; Oh, oh my Belly is as big as a Tun.

Franc. Ah, how much at ease I am now! *[Francis rising up.]*
Ah you are a most rare Woman--

Dame. Well, what say you now Madam?

Rich. My wonder is above expression.

Franc. Methinks I am not the same person, may I credit my senses, I feel not the least pain, I am well and lightsom, I am overjoy'd. Ah good Dame here are Thirty Guineys, but that is not sufficient, let me present you with this Ring, and hope yet a better reward than all this. Adieu Madam, your most humble Servant, I am impatient till I go and show my self to my Friends and Acquaintance, I fancy none of 'em will know me, William come follow me, good William.

Decoy. Nay, marry I am in no such hast, you are lighter than you were, and I am so much the heavier, I shall be finely laught at for my pains, here's a Cure with a Pox to't. Wounds, I can hardly see my way for my Belly.

Beat. How you waddle along, you are as slow pac'd as a Snail.

Decoy. Marry none but such a Calf as I wou'd have been blown up thus like a Scotch Bagpipe.

Beat. Farewel Friend.

[Francis, Decoy Exit.]

SCENE IX.

Dame Dobson, and Lady Rich.

Rich. Sure I have a mist before my Eyes.

Dame. Your Ladiship has seen a small Essay of my Skill.

Rich. I am quite astonish't; since you can do such feats as these, don't fear

me away barely with words; but let me see something in relation to my Lover.

Dame. Explain your self, have you a Curiosity to see what he is a doing at this instant?

Rich. Ay, that if you please.

Dame. Wou'd you see him by your self, if you will he pronounce but two words, and retire, and his likeness shall appear to you in his posture, and doing the same actions that he's employ'd about at this instant, where e're he is.

Rich. And shall I see nobody but him?

Dame. That is according as he is alone, or in Company.

Rich. Let me see him then, but be you here, not that I am afraid; perhaps I'm very well pleas'd where he is, and troubles not his thoughts about me.

Dame. You Spirits that are Subject to my Charms; Obey, Obey, Obey, And let there to this Ladies eyes appear the form of him she loves. *Beatrice*, draw that Curtain, he'll stay but a moment.

Rich. 'Tis he, my Lover himself!
What is he a doing?

[*Lady Rich sees Mr. Hartwel appear in the Glass.*]

Dame. His eyes are fixt upon a Picture.

Rich. 'Tis my Picture, I know it by the Ribbond.

Dame. I hope you are well pleas'd now; he kisses it with a great deal of Devotion.

Rich. I am surpriz'd, but now he's gone; my Satisfaction of seeing him was but very short.

Dame. There's not a more faithful Lover in the World, nor one that has so great a Passion for your Ladiship.

Rich. Having seen what I did, I need no longer doubt it; now I wish with all my heart he were in Town.

Dame. I cou'd do your Ladiship such a Kindness if you wou'd but write to him.

Rich. Nay, I believe he'd come with Writing, but I can't send my Letter till to Morrow; And 'twill be two or three dayes before he can be here.

Dame. But I have a nimbler Post of my own, write but to him to come away presently, and I'll send an Express with't that shall bring you an Answer in half a quarter of an hour, and he shall be here himself to Night.

Rich. Bless me sweet Heaven! what do you mean?

Dame. Nay, I say it, if your Ladiship be so minded.

Rich. How! Shall I have an Answer of my Letter presently.

Dame. As soon as it can be writ.

Rich. 'Tis thirty Miles to Tunbridge, where he is.

Dame. If it were a hundred, my Messenger wou'd be there and back again in a moment.

Rich. This is more than I ever heard of you yet. — The like sure was never done.

Dame. Step to the Table, there's Pen, Ink, and Paper; Now please to write what I dictate:

Sir, I can no longer endure your absence; Send me word by the Bearer if you resolve to put an end to my Trouble, by letting me see you in Town to Night? That's enough, Subscribe as you please. — Now give it me to Seal, a little

little Ceremony is required which you cannot see without being extremely frightened; Ple wait on you again in a minute. — — [Dams Exit.]

Rich. I have been Courageous hitherto, but now I begin to have an ugly apprehension.

Beat. Madam, you need not fear any thing.

Rich. How do you do to live with her, and not be frightened.

Beat. O Madam, I am us'd to't.

Rich. But was not you horribly scar'd at first?

Beat. Alas, Madam, my Dame took me in Fatherless and Motherless; I was left quite friendless, and was glad to be any where. But now I am us'd to't 'tis nothing to me.

Rich. Whither is she gone now?

Beat. To her Familiar.

Rich. What is it like?

Beat. 'Tis a sort of Hobgoblin which she has above, 'tis hellishly ugly; but never does any mischief.

Rich. I protest I am confounded at all she does.

Beat. She is a Prodigious Woman, and if you shou'd but know all.

[Re-enter Dams Dobson.]

Dams. Your Letter is there by this time.

Rich. What already?

Dams. Go to the Glafs and see —

[Lady Rich goes and looks in the Glafs.]

Spirit by all the Power I have

over thee, Obey, obey, obey; And let the same Person again be visible.

[Hartwell appears as before.]

Rich. He comes agen, he's Reading my Letter, he seems transported with Joy.

Dams. 'Tis a great Confirmation of his Passion.

Rich. Now he takes a Pen in his Hand.

Dams. He's going to write to you; and that very minute he gives the Messenger the Answer, he'll quit that Phantastical Body he appear'd in, and bring it here to you.

Rich. To me, let him not come near me, I entreat you.

Dams. Be in good chear, it shall fly to your feet without being seen who brings it, or whence it comes.

Rich. Now they bring him a Candle. — He's going to seal it, I am all over in a cold sweat.

Dams. Methinks every thing is done very gently. See now he's gone to deliver it to my Messenger, I took particular care you should not be frightened.

Rich. 'Tis true, though I am not naturally timerous, yet I have seen so many things, that I did not believe possible to be done; that I confess to you I am scarce in my right Senses.

Dams. But pray oblige me to say nothing of all this. But see my Messenger has made hast, here's an Answer come —

Here Madam, take it, be not afraid.

[A Letter drops from the Crilling at their feet.]

Rich. How, touch a thing that came by the Devil!

Dams. Read it, the force of my Conjuraton is spent, and my Spirit's Commission is now at an end, you need not fear any further effects.

Rich.

Rich Ready. 'Tis his Hand-writing, who cou'd have believ'd this possible?

Dear Charming Creature—I shall take Post immediately, and doubt much whether you'll see me, or the Messenger first. A Lover when summon'd by the Person he adores, rides commonly the forehorse, *Yours.*

I must take my leave without Ceremony.—I am in a manner struck Dumb with admiration, I'll see you agen very suddenly, though I make you no acknowledgment for the present trouble, your favours shall not go unrewarded.

Dame. As you please, I only require your secrecie; *Beatrice* wait on her, and shut the door.

[Lady Rich and Beatrice Exit.]

[Hartwell appears.] Come forth, Sir.

Well Sir, how is't with you? Have I done you good Service?

Hart. I am so oblig'd to you, I shall never be able to come out of your Debt.

Dame. This Slight shou'd as well as if I had shou'd the deepest mystery in my Art, That wou'd have taken up time, and your occasions required expedition.

Hart. This was as well—Here are Ten Pieces; let that excuse me till a further opportunity to express my Gratitude.

Dame. Get on your Boots and Riding garb, to appear in to her at Night, I have perform'd my part, the rest depends on your management.

Hart. Ple go and prepare for't. Adieu. *[Exit.]*

SCENE X.

Dame Dobson, Gillet in the habit of a Gentleman going to the Campaign.

Gillet. **D**AME Dobson—Ha my Dear Devil of a Dame, Do you know me agen Dame?

Dame. Who are you: What Mr. Gillet?

Gill. How do you like me Dame? Am not I Heroically equip't? don't I look like a Bully of the Field?

Dame. You are one already for certain.

Gill. View me round, have I not the right air and mien of a Warriour?

Dame. As if you had been in twenty Champaigns; and fifty Assaults, besides Attacks and Sieges.

Gill. Would I were amongst 'em. *Mortblue* the Habit makes the Soldier, it puts life and courage into me; methinks I am inspir'd with valour, I cou'd beat the Devil now; I'll Pawn my Soul to *Old Nick* but I'll be the Death of a Hundred men ere long.

Dame. You must not be too fierce on the suddain.

Gill. I can't forbear, if I shou'd be hang'd, I went e'n now to show myself to my Mistress, where I met three or four of my Rivals; the young Officers I gave you an account of; and they at their old rate began to jeer; and told me I was a Coxcomb, for putting my self into such a Garb; I presently whip'd out Poaker, plac'd my Thumb as you gave me directions, firm, Close said I, They lay'd upon me, and feigning to laugh, retreated, and but one of 'em durst so much as draw his Sword.

Dame.

Dame. I believe it, they found themselves mistaken in you.
 Gill. 'Tis a rare Sword Dame, with this and my Thumb thus, I defe a whole Squadron.

Dame. You have it right, but let me advise you to moderate your Courage and never to use it : But upon just provocation, and in your own defence.

Gill. I shall have much ado to govern my self, let them look too that voke me, — Ha, Stand off -- ha.

Dame. Hold, put up, Somebody is coming.

Gill. At their Peril be it if they anger me.

Draws his Sword, and shows it as if he were angry, fighting with somebody.

SCENE XI.

Dame Dobson, Gillet, and Mr. Hartwell.

Hartw. **T**Wo words with you Dame, about a thing I had forgot to speak to you of.

[Hartwell whispers with her.]

Dame. I'll take care.

Hart. If thou'd come to be known, it wou'd spoil all.

Dame. It wou'd prejudice my reputation as much as your int'rest; therefore look you be secret your self.

Hart. Nay, it shall ne'r be known for me.

Dame. Then you need say no more.

Hart. But if any of your Servants ? —

Gill. Why are you importunate, when she tells you, You need say no more.

Hart. What's that to you Sir, Do you think I don't know my own business ?

Gill. And do you think my Dame Dobson don't know a little better than you ? She tells you, you need say no more, and 'tis an affront to her. Art not to believe her; and I'll not see my Dame affronted.

[Gillet draws.]

Dame. Eh, Mr. Gillet.

Gill. No, No quarter, I'll hamstring him.

Hart. Ha ! Is the fool so brisk ? have at you then.

Gill. Who, you push too hard — Hold a little; *They fight, Gillet's Sword falls out of his hand, and Hartwell takes it up.*
 Pish, the Devil's in you; See there now my Sword's down.

Hart. He that can defend his life no better, shou'd not be so insolent and impertinent.

Gill. Pough Dame, ne'r be dismay'd, this was some mistake in my Thumb -- it was not put right.

Dame. Sir, Pray use your Conquests with moderation.

Hart. 'Tis well for him that he's in your House, had he been any where else, I'de have us'd the fool as he deserved; but I'll not occasion any disturbance here. There's his Sword.

[Hartwell Exit.]

Dame. Your discretion obliges me. — You don't understand your self, Mr. Gillet, I gave you warning before.

Gill. Dame, you must teach me once more how to place my Thumb right, I was mistaken -- but for the future,

Dame. No, that's not the Business—your Thumb was right enough.

Gill. What then?

Dame. Did you not see me make Signs to you to retreat? 'twas nothing for me to get the better of you.

Gill. Why so?

Dame. Because he had a Sword of me with a Charm too; he has had it this Month, and the eldest Charm still Conquers the other.

Gill. Oh! I wonder indeed where the fault lay, The Devil on't, how he has Along, and clatter'd his Sword about mine, his is a damnable strong.

Dame. You see you are not to fight with every one at a venture.

Gill. Well, now you have given me warning, Ple be sure to ask that first.

Dame. You'll do well; for if your Enemy has an Incharnted Sword too, yours will signifie nothing unless it be elder.

Gill. Ple go now and fight the rest of my Rivals from my Mistress, and if she won't Marry me then, Ple be gone for *Tangier*, where Ple kill my Fifty *Moors* aday for my diversion till they are all destroy'd, and then Ple return the great Hero of *Great Britain*, and be made a General. Adieu *Dame*.

[*Gill* Exit.]

Dame. The man will go mad for certain. At last I am got clear of Visitors, I must make use of this opportunity for other Affairs. — [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Dame Dobson and Mrs. Prudence.

Dame. **W**hat News bring you, Mrs. *Prudence*? How does your Lady?

Prud. She's below, she made me light out of the Coach at Door to come and know if you were alone, and at leisure to be spoke with.

Dame. *Bravies*, run down and tell the Lady that is below in the Coach, I am alone, and if she pleases, may come in.

Prud. You see how impatient she is to know your Answer to her Question.

Dame. She has reason for't, but you know it requir'd time to deceive her Artificially: It was necessary to our purpose to make her put away her former Woman, and to take you in her place, and to continue it without letting her know that you were of our Acquaintance; It was requisite also to let her be accustomed to you, that she might put Confidence in you. All this is brought about, and we are now upon the point to Compass our design without danger of ever having our Confederacy discovered.

Prud. It shall ne'r be known for me.

Dame.

Dame. I am assur'd of your Secret upon account of your Cozen, whose interest is not a little concern'd in mine; *Daisy* has done me an excellent piece of Service by engaging you to our party; I am glad he had a Kindwoman so discreet and capable to serve us in this affair, it shall be to your Satisfaction.

Prud. I'll play my part so exactly, that my Lady shall believe all the Devils in Hell had a hand in't.

Enter to them Lady Noble and Beatrice,

Nob. Well, and how Dame, have you been mindful of me?

Dame. You desir'd by some supernatural means to be convinc'd of the truth you had a mind to know,

Nob. Yes, because I wou'd have no doubt for the future.

Dame. You wou'd know whether your Husband will dye before you? Now mind what I say, In the Alcove of your Chamber stands a high Cabinet, upon which is a great deal of *Parcellain* and *China*. The great Jarr or Urn that stands in the middle, shall fall down of it self at some time of the Night, if it breaks your Husband shall dye first; if it does not break, you'll go before him. Now I tell you, it will be his turn to dye first, and you'll live long after him; But I do this to satisfy you fully in the point, is not this as supernatural a thing as can be? and by this you will see that I am not a person of words, and outward show only; for this shall happen at home at your own House, where I nor nobody for me can be to use any means or device to throw it down; But what, you look a little blank upon the matter.

Nob. 'Tis true, I begin to apprehend that I have engag'd my self too far, and my heart fails me.

Prud. For my part, Madam, I shall certainly be afraid; and if your Ladyship please, you may dispence with my not lying there.

Nob. No, never talk on't, that must not be. That silly Wench is afraid of every thing, but I am resolv'd to know my Fortune in this point, and if that happens which you say, be assur'd I will largely consider your extraordinary pains.

Dame. I never doubted your Ladyships bounty, if your Ladyship please to follow me, I'll give you a little Viol to drink three Spoonfulls of, which when you go to Bed will make you slumber, and prevent your fear. [*Noble, Prudent, Dame, Exit.*]

SCENE III

Colonel and Lady Noble.

Nob. **M***rs. Beatrice,* tell your Dame she hath hear from me to Morrow morning, I'll come and acquaint her what passes.

Col. What is your Ladyship here?

(24)
Nob. You see how my Impatience to oblige you, has made me lay aside all scruples. I had ever an aversion to the whole Tribe of Fortune-tellers, Astrologers, and Cunning People, I always believ'd it their Business to get Money; but you desir'd me to see this Dame *Dobson*.

Coll. You have oblig'd me in't.

Nob. But who imagin'd to meet you here, she took me in to show me her Office, otherwise I had been gone and mist seeing you.

Coll. What thinks your Ladyship of our Cunning Woman.

Nob. I Recant my former opinion, I resolv'd to assist you in convincing the World that she was but a Cheat: But after what she has told me ought to be, she has reveal'd such things, that 'tis impossible but she must deal with the Devil.

Coll. There 'tis now, she's too cunning for all you Women, in that consists her greatest Skill.

Nob. Golloncel, your Countess is a person highly deserving, and I shou'd be very glad to see her Married to a Man of so much Worth and Bravery, and you know I have hitherto blam'd her for desisting upon account of any thing this Woman had foretold. But now I find the Countess was much in the right, for I am absolutely perswaded the Match will be very unfortunate.

Coll. Such Predictions shou'd not hinder if the Countess wou'd but consent to Marry me.

Nob. But is there no other Woman in the World you cou'd be content with for a Wife?

Coll. I have too strong a Passion ever to leave her.

Nob. But you must dispense with things when there are such strong Reasons against you, endeavour to please your fancy in some other Beauty.

Coll. What will it avail me to love any other? for in her opinion the Change of the Person does not in the least alter the fate of my Marriage.

Nob. I Confess she has much puzzled me too, she told me I shou'd very suddenly be a Widow, but that is no wonderful thing, for my Husband is very old and sickly, and though his Death wou'd be a great grief to me, yet there is some reason for't: For according to the course of Nature, I shou'd outlive him. But that which I don't understand is this, she assures me I will Marry agen, now I don't find in my Self the least inclination to a second Husband.

Coll. By that, you see there's no Credit to be given to what she says; for if you never marry agen, what becomes of her Prediction.

Nob. Yes, but she maintains that I will, and that what she tells me will certainly happen. She assures me moreover, that I shall make him I marry the happiest man living.

Coll. I verily believe it Madam, for a man cannot but be happy with a Lady of such Beauty and Perfections. But for all this, Dame *Dobson* may be no great Conjuror; for I'll tell your Ladyship, Suppose you had inclination enough to marry me, I shou'd have all the happiness imaginable with you, because that it is the effect and influence of your Stars, and yet the Consequences of my Planet is, for me to be jealous, quarrelous, and tormenting of my Wife, to kill a man in her presence, and to dye for't. How can these things hang together?

Nob.

Nob. But it is not certain that I shall marry you.
Coll. I only say, I suppose it, Madam.

Nob. You know I never declar'd my mind in that point.

Coll. True Madam, nor do I now press you to it. But what I was saying is this, That that which we know never will happen, yet might have been.

Nob. Eh?

Coll. And in this case after what this Dame of ours has told to me and other, she must in necessity be in the wrong either to you or me.

Nob. But the fatality which she found threaten'd you, was perhaps but a certain time, and not pointing to your whole life: It may be she look so far, and if it were so, you may live a year or two unmarried, and then that marry whom you please without danger.

Coll. I assure your Ladyship, I apprehend no danger at all, she is a very lying filly prating Woman.

Nob. Your Servant Colonel, There's a Lady that wou'd not be known, and I am as unwilling to be seen as she. For the World knowing that I have an old Husband, and one that's Sick too, will be apt to report I came to inquire after his Death.

Coll. The World is very malicious. 'Tis therefore good to avoid Censure. Your Ladyships most humble Servant.

[*Lady Noble pulling her Hoods o're her face.*]

SCENE IV.

Colonel, and the Countess.

Count. I Have made you expect a little too long.

Coll. Our Dame has some Persons above with her, and we cannot speak to her yet, therefore you are come soon enough. But I beseech your Honour to tell me what said the Lady to you that came in as you were Dressing? I perceiv'd by her she had some extraordinary News to tell you, and therefore I took my leave and came before.

Count. She told me the same thing as somebody had acquainted you with before, concerning the Adventure of a Looking-glass, and the Gentlewoman Cur'd of the Tympany, I heard what a strict Charge you gave 'em, not to let me know any thing of those Matters.

Coll. It will call any bodies reason in question to believe it, every Body you see tells you great Miracles of this Woman, and I meet not with one but she has fool'd and cozened.

Count. You are her Enemy, and will believe nothing; for my part I know her by Experience, and believe all she has foretold relating to my self, to be as true as if it were already hapn'd.

Coll. But permit I may reason the case a little, That that she foretells shall happen to me, will not happen, but by the malign Influence of the Planets that

that w'd at the time of my Nativity, now a thousand and a thousand others were born at the same instant; and under the same Planet, and I shall call these if they Marry be Unfortunate, Jealous, and Kill'd Men; as I have ab-

solvent. You take it in a wrong sense, there is a fatality of good and evil be-
 fore us, and it is not assign'd to each particular person. And this fatality does not depend upon
 the elements of their Birth. A Thousand people perish together in a Ship, a
 thousand others are kill'd in a Fight, they are all born at different times, and
 under several Planets. Yet that does not hinder, but that the same Misfortune
 befall every one of them.

I see you will never want Arguments to defend your Incomparable
 Love. If you lov'd me.---

My Compliance to come hither again with you, is a sufficient testi-
 mony of my Kindness. But now I will put on my Mask, and speak my
 North Country tongue, lest Dame Dobson shou'd come on a sudden, and surprize
 me. If we deceive her in this, I will yield my self in the wrong, accept your
 Love, comply with your desires of Marriage. But I am too well assur'd she
 will discover the Cheat.

Coll. I doubt it very much; at least she will not remember to have seen me
 in the disguise of a Footman.

Count. She hardly then so much as cast her Eye towards you, and this Habit,
 and that Pertiwigg gives you quite another air, you are in a manner another
 person.

SCENE V.

Collonel, Countess, Dame Dobson, and Beatrice.

Count. Here's a Person of worth hath waited with a great deal of Patience.
 Coll. Have a care she does not get a glimpse of your Face. We are
 come to you with an absolute belief and confidence in your Knowledge;
 for we have heard such wonders of you.

Dame. Let that pass, and to your own affairs. What is it that you desire
 of me?

Coll. I am a Gentleman of a good Family, though of a mean Estate, the
 person you see here is a considerable Heiress in the North, I have stoln her
 away, and married her without her Friends consent, her Father is a wretch, and
 we use all the int'rest we can to pacifie him, by the persuasion of Friends; but
 he'll hearken to no terms. Now our request is a little difficult, but you have
 done many stranger things, we desire you to make a perfect reconciliation; for
 which you shall have Two hundred Pound for your pains.

Dame. It requires much trouble to effect.

Count. Ne marry, 'tis no such great fault. Look I find every day does the same
 (than) and you shall no gang without a good reward, if you can do us that my
 good turn, and a thousand Benisons on your bed.

Dame.

Dame. What you desire is not impossible.
Coll. Here are 20 Guineys for you in hand, take 'em and use the best of your Skill.

Count. Eh, Weladay, ife given you ten times as mough, set me but tanght with my Father, I pray.

Coll. I know the least Secret of your Art will be sufficient to do our business.

Dame. Well, Ple try what may be done; he lives in the North you say.

Coll. Yes, but he is hastning up to Town to look after us.

Dame. He shall be reconcild to you, but 'twill require some time.

Count. Ene Geud betide you now in troath Dame.

Dame. Ple tell you now what you shall write to him.

Count. Nea, Nea, the Deal of ill lack of that Woman, but he burns all write to him, and won not read 'em not so much as can Letter; no he in troath.

Dame. When I have us'd a certain Ceremony to the Paper, and said some mystical words over it, then write upon't, and provided, that he dorth but touch the Letter, he shall have no Power to refuse, and then you shall see the Consequence.

Count. Ife warrant you he shall touch it, or it shall gang very hard.

Dame. That will be sufficient.

Coll. How glad am I at this, now you'll be undeceived? [*Colonel aside to the Countess.*]

Count. Geud, Geud blessing on thy heart for't.—Ife pray for thee tol my dying day.—Ene give me the Paper quickly, Dame I am with him till I gripe it in my hand.

Dame. Ple bring it to you in a Moment.

Coll. A word I beseech you before you go, we two married for Love; some are of opinion that such matches are seldom fortunate, pray tell me what will be the event of ours.

Dame. You will be very happy, your [*Dame looking wisely in the Colonels face.*]

Physiognomy at least seems to express so much, and I frame a Judgment more from the Visage and Cimetery of features in the Face, than from Lines in the Hand. But Ple be more positive in my asseveration, if the Lady pleases to shew her Face.

Count. Nea, nea, Pray you tol excuse me thereaway, ife ha many very goad reasons why I mun no show my face tol any ene in London; therefore pray you to hold you content for this eance.

Coll. Cannot you at the same time you set a spell upon the Paper, make also a Discovery of what I ask to know beside.

Dame. It shall be done, Ple be with you agen presently. [*Exit Dame.*]

Coll. Now Madam, I hope you'll be as good as your word, Dame Dobson is no longer the Person you took her for, where's her Skill and Cunning now? she believes we are married, and I am no longer under the malicious influence of any Star to lose my Head.

Count. We shall hear what she'll say when she comes agen.

Coll. She'll tell us we shall be very fortunate, and will bring you the

Paper

Paper with a Charm in't, or Charm'd Paper, was ever any thing more ridiculous? —

Count. I believe it wou'd have the effect we desir'd, if what we ask'd had been real; but let us not rejoice too soon, when she has consulted her Spirits, I am afraid she will find out the Cheat.

Count. But suppose she shou'd bring you the Charm'd Paper, without any Advertisement from her Familiar of our Contrivance?

Count. Then I promise you to show my face, and convince her of her Ignorance, and to Marry you without further scruple.

Count. Then I am a happy man, Dame Dobson is no more a Witch! I think I shall see her coming.

Re-enter Dame Dobson.

Coll. Now for the Paper, Dame.

Dame. What mean you here? This Lady has no Father, you have not stol'n her away, nor are you Married to her; and what's more, you never will be Married to her.

Count. Hear you that, I pray you good Sir, were you told before that nea Witch in the World had near Skill.

Coll. I confess I have not stol'n this Lady, nor am not yet Married to her. But say you that I shall never Marry her?

Dame. Never.

Coll. Your reason?

Dame. My Art tells me so; therefore —

Coll. But why, what shall hinder?

Dame. I stay'd not to look into the reason, but it is an easie thing to let you know why, if you are willing I shall call my Spirit, he shall tell you himself.

Coll. Call him.

Count. Eh wa is me, Call her Spirit.

Dame. That you may not be frighted at the Apparition, you shall see nothing but the Head of a Dead person, which he shall animate, and a while give motion to, as if it were living, and had all its senses. But do not show the least sign of fear, for he's disturb'd when he sees any body afraid of him, and when he has cause to be angry, I have no longer Power to controul him.

Count. Nea, but I mun be afraid of the Deil, I shall be soar afraid in gued faith Woman, therefore I see no Deil.

Coll. Why Madam? I'll be near you.

Dame. This is an ill time for you to act the Hero, you may be afraid as well as the Lady, as stout as you think your self, the appearance of my Spirit will daunt you.

Coll. Ple venture that.

Count. Nea, nea, Sir; Ise naught to do with Spirit, nea with Head, Ise know can enough already.

Coll. Ple wait upon this Lady home, and come to you agen Dame, in the int'rim prepare your blackish Spells, and your most dreadful Apparitions, you shall see I am a man that fears nothing.

[*Collonel and Countess Exit.*]

Dame. I shall expect you.

It concerns me now to play my part well. He's a man upon the fret, he's disgusted with Art, and will never give o're till I can absolutely convince him that I deal with the Devil.—Mrs. *Hellen* you may enter now if you please.

[Goes to the side of the Stage.]

SCENE VI.

Dame Dobson, and Mrs. Hellen.

Hell. **W**Hat say you now Dame, was not my coming very seasonable?

Dame. How come they to play us this trick? I did not observe the Collonel enough in his Footman's habit to know him agen.

Hell. It was a sudden resolution, and must happen by the importunity of this indefatigable Collonel. - When I came home and heard she had chang'd her Cloaths, and that she was gone abroad in his Coach without any Attendants to meet him somewhere it gave me a Suspicion, and I concluded their Rendezvous must be here.—Judge now of my diligence.

Dame. It makes well for our Business that it fell out so.

Hell. I look upon the Marriage now to be quite broken off, the Countess after this will never receive any more of his Visits.—Adieu, Ple go out at the back door, and slip home before they miss me; and for the future, Ple take care you shall not be surpriz'd.

Dame. Do, for your diligence will be useful. Fare you well.

[*Hellen Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Dame Dobson and Decoy.

Decoy. **Y**OU are an able Practitioner, I am as well pleas'd at this act, as at the Cure of the Tympany, in which I perform'd my part.

Dame. But our most necessary business at present is this Collonel. He is gone hence with the Countess much confounded in his understanding; He is resolv'd to come again, and will always be troubling us unless by some Stratagem we can bring him to an absolute belief, that I am a Woman of profound Science.

Decoy. That's no hard thing, play him the same Prank that so affrighted the young huffing Volontier that's gone for *Tangier*. He that brav'd it out, and thought himself a man of such undaunted Courage.

Dame. I believe 'twill shock the Collonel as much, I see *Beatrice* is Conducting us some new Customer, go in and get all things in readiness for that design, for the Collonel will not long be absent.

[*Decoy Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.

*Dame Dobson, Mrs. Clerimant.**Cler.* **I**S this She?*Beat.* That is *Dame Dobson*.*Cler.* Though your Person is a Stranger to me, your Reputation is not; therefore I hope you will excuse one that—*Dame.* My Name is sufficiently known, therefore no Apologies, but to the Business; what is your pleasure?*Cler.* I am inform'd you not only concern your self in telling Fortunes, but that you have wonderful Secrets to preserve Beauty, as also to give it where it is wanting; Don't look upon me I beseech you: This Discourse has brought a colour into my Face as red as Scarlet.*Dame.* How! Come to know your Fortune, and debar me from looking in your face?*Cler.* Nay, if you must—but—I vow to you I am so ashamed.*Dame.* How ashamed and have such a pretty Face as that, a most lovely delicate Face!—*Cler.* Nay, I am sensible I am not a perfect Beauty, but my comfort is, that as I am not absolutely handsome, I am not very ugly; I know I have something in me taking enough, a lively air, not altogether ungente, indifferently well shap'd, no ill mean, and some share of wit too; and with all this, I can make no very ill figure in the World.*Dame.* Your appearance is very extraordinary.*Cler.* In truth I am content to be as I am, and I wou'd not change with a great many that are thought very considerable Beauties.*Dame.* Change,—It must be for the worse, I know ne'r a Lady in Town but wou'd be proud to be like you.*Cler.* I do not come to you to be made more Beautiful than I am, but to have something that may preserve what is already agreeable in me, and to keep me a great while in my prime.*Dame.* But what if I shou'd give you some additional Beauty?*Cler.* But can you?—*Dame.* I have experienced the Secret a hundred times, 'tis but to change your Skin for you.—*Cler.* Change my Skin!*Dame.* Yes Madam, change your Skin.*Cler.* Change my Skin? good Gods, change my Skin, I shrink at the very thoughts on't, and I begin to fancy already that you are fleaing me alive.—*Dame.* That wou'd be a Cruelty indeed; but in short Lady, if you wou'd have a fine delicate soft supple Skin like an Infant, you must do as I tell you.*Cler.* 'Tis enough for them that are ugly to suffer all that. But as for me that have only a few Pock-holes to endure so much—*Dame.*

Dame. But who says it will be any pain to you?

Cler. Why, dear Dame, is it possible to make me handsomer, and not endure pain?

Dame. The only inconvenience is, that you must keep your Chamber fifteen days, and not be seen, you'll not be the only person, I have four or five Patients at this time that keep within for this very reason.

Cler. Fifteen days is no such long time.

Dame. Ple give you a *Pomatum* that shall insensibly take off the first Skin of your Face, without giving you the least trouble, or any wish imaginable.

Cler. O let me have it quickly, I'll give you any rate.

Dame. My *Pomatum* is not yet quite ready, three or four days hence I shall be able to pleasure you.

Cler. And will not this *Pomatum* lessen the Mouth, and take it off a little at the corners? for methinks a little Mouth is the becoming'st thing, the Mouth can never be too little, too little.

Dame. I have a contracting Water that does that. But my *Pomatum* will make the under Lip a little more pouting and ruddy, Oval the Eyes, and give a just proportion to the Nose.

Cler. You are a most delicious ravishing Woman for this: Now if I might ask you one little thing more.

Dame. I'll do any thing for you that lyes in my Power.

Cler. You know Dame that the handsomer any person is, the more ambitious and desirous to be entirely perfect; I pretend a little to Singing, I have all the New Ayres in Town, and can sing all the Songs that are now in Season, I wou'd desire you to mellow my Voice, and take away a little harshness, that I may have it more at command, and bring it within compass. There are certain little Softnesses and Rowlings in the Voice, which are extream pretty and sweet, which I have not yet to my fancy.

Dame. If you'll go to the Chargeon't Madam, I'll make you sing like a Cherubin; I make an admirable Syrrup for that purpose, the Composition is a little dear, you shall not use it above three Months, but ———

Cler. Make, make it, Ple not spare for Cost.

Dame. It shall be ready with the *Pomatum*, Ple only take Measure of your Voice. ———

Cler. Take measure of my Voice, how is that?

Dame. That is, you must let me hear you sing a little, that according to the Strength and Sweetness of your Voice, I may add or diminish in the Composition of the Syrrup.

Cler. I have a little hoarsness at present.

Dame. No matter, when once I have heard you, I shall guess how 'tis.

Mrs. Clerimant Sings.

Cler. This was not altogether well Sung, but ———

Dame. You have already a very good manner of Singing, but the Syrrup I will make for you.

Cler. I intreat the favour of you to let me partake of all your Secrets, I have reason

reason to endeavour for the greatest Accomplishments and Perfections that I can, since my dependance is chiefly on them; — For though I make this show as you see in the World, yet I have but a mean Fortune; — 'Tis true, I live well at Court, and have good Relations and Friends that wish me well for my Families sake; But all that won't do my Business; I must look for further Advancement.

Dame. A Lady of your Perfections cannot but Command her Fortunes at Court, you have so many Charms, and there are hearts so dispos'd to love —

Cler. Do you think then I shall be successful in those Affairs?

Dame. If you overcome one Difficulty you'll be a very happy Woman.

Cler. O fye, O fye, Dame now I am no longer able to look you in the face.

Dame. O Madam, I only said so to let you see I have some little Skill, Come tell me, what Circumstances you are in, and how affairs stand as to that point?

Cler. O you have spoke a word that has confounded me, and I see I had need tell you nothing, you know it already!

Dame. What is general I know at first sight; but if I wou'd specific particulars, I must have recourse to my Art, those things are not learnt but with pains and difficulty, and time spent in study; — wherefore if you expect any help from me, tell me your grievance, that I may the sooner give you a further proof of my Abilities.

Cler. I can no more have Confidence to tell you then —

Dame. You shou'd no more conceal any thing from me than from your Physician; believe me Madam, I am an Excellent Midwife, and can give you a quick Deliverance from most misfortune.

Cler. O, O, O, what shall I do? what shall I do! never was the like of this!

Dame. What ayles you Madam?

Cler. O Don't come near me, don't look at me, I shall dye with shame, well if it is so plain to be discovered already, Ple go and hide my self from all the World.

Dame. I suspect some thing, Ple follow the hint.

[*Dame speaks aside, and pauses a while.*

Cler. I see it is in vain for me to conceal any thing from you, but pray tell me Dame, do you perceive it with your eye, or is this knowledge the effect of your Skill! Merhinks I don't look big at all.

Dame. 'Tis so, She has swallow'd the forbidden Morfel.

No, no, fear nothing, I confess ingeniously to you, I knew it by my Art only, and that pierces through Stone Walls, and Mountains. Now give me a short account of your Condition, and tell me what you'd have me to do for you.

Cler. This is an Age of a great freedom, but the Court you know is a place that more particularly allows of a frank free Conversation, — An eminent Person made Courtship to me, at first I thought it but raillery, and that he did it out of Gallantry only, but the Continuance in time made me sensible he was in earnest. His person at first was not displeasing to me; but his Protestations, Vows and Sighs, and his continual Observances begot a Passion in my heart, and at last he won me to a kind Compliance, I scarce knew I lov'd before I was undone.

Dame.

Dame. He'll never Marry you.

Cler. O never! I like you have studied my Case thoroughly, you know every particular. No, he's now upon his Marriage with a Lady of great Quality, all things are agreed; they are to be married suddenly; my way was lost, and I am now at the point of death.

Dame. Come, you must make the best on't.

Cler. O my shame is growing upon me; I shall be scorn'd by my Relations, my Reputation gone, I am ruin'd:—Therefore dear *Dame Dobson* help me in time, if you know any thing that will cause an Abortion.

Dame. No, no, my Art meddles not with Life or Death, that were Murder.

Cler. Then I must abandon all Society.——Ple ne'r stay where I am known, let me see, I will go beyond Sea, and stay there till I am brought to Bed.

Dame. Perchance we may save you that trouble.

Cler. And my honour be safe?

Dame. If I undertake it——

Let me consider a little, I'll consult my Art, and resolve you further.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Dame, here's the young City Hector, he's come to you in a great heat, I cou'd scarce keep him out till I came in to acquaint you he was there.

Dame. There's some mischief in this, he has been beaten again, and comes to upbraid me,

Carry this Lady into some far Room, that she may not hear our Discourse. Madam, please to retire a little, my Servant shall wait on you; I must use a Ceremony in order to your affair, that will require my being alone a moment or two.

Cler. I'de gladly expect as many hours.

Beat. This way, Madam. [*Cler. and Beat. Exit.*]

Dame. Mr. Gillet where are you?

SCENE IX.

Dame Dobson, and Mr. Gillet.

Gillet. O I thought the time long, I cou'd scarce have Patience, O Dame, I have been serv'd a damnable trick.

Dame. As how my little Hero?

Gill. I went to visit my Mistress, resolving to fight away all my Rivals, and to take her out, and be Married before I left her, and when I came, there was the Devil to do, they were Singing, Dancing, and Feasting, as if they were all mad.

Dame. What was the meaning of that?

Gill. The Jade had jilted me, and this Morning was married to a little dam'd flattering young Officer, I had always a good mind to have cut his Throat, and if they had not prevented me.——

Dame.

Dame. What wou'd you have done?

Gill. I'de have spoil'd their Jollity. — I bolted into the Room amongst them, swore two or three bloody Oaths; but ere I cou'd draw, three of them clapt hold of me, took away my enchanted Sword, and tumbled me down Stairs.

Dame. If your Sword had been drawn they cou'd not have don't.

Gill. Ay, there was my silliness, I swore before I drew; But Dame, what could I do for my Sword? I was fain to come away without it, for there were Constables sent for, and such an Up-roar of People at the Door.

Dame. You did well to come away.

Gill. But my Sword.

Dame. If they don't send it you, you must have another; I have just left.

Gill. But can't you Conjure for't.

Dame. That will be the same Charge to you, and this that I have has something a stronger Charm.

Gill. Let the other go and be Hang'd, then I'll have this. Here, here's Money for't, let me have it quickly.

Dame. Within there, fetch me down the Sword that hangs above. But why in such haste Son *Gillet*?

Gill. Son!

Dame. Excuse the familiar Expression. But I call you Son, because I take a particular Affection to you, and adopt you my Favorite, and will show the utmost of my Skill to oblige you.

Gill. Well then, Mother I thank you, I call'd for the Sword in haste, because I have but a short time to order my affairs; for I intend to leave England in three or four days, and go for *Tangier*; where when my Name is famous, and I have been a terror to the Heathen Pagans and Infidels, I will return the Champion of Christendom, and then Mother, I will make you a brave Woman indeed.

Dame. But Son, if you design all this, you omit a material Circumstance; since you resolve to set up for a Champion, you must have a Mistress, in honour of whom you must fight and wear her Colours, and engrave her Name upon your Sword with some remarkable Motto.

Gill. You are in the right, I have read some such thing in *Pyramus*, and the *Seven Champions*, and *Valentine* and *Orson*. But how shall I do, I have ne'r a Mistress now.

Dame. You must choose another before you go.

Gill. I love ne'r a Woman in the World, but she that's Married this Morning.

Dame. No, it must be a single Woman; Let me see your hand, I'll tell you how long 'twill be before you'll be in love.

Gill. Stay, let me clean it a little, 'tis something. [*Gillet spits in his hand and dirts with my fall down Stairs.* There now —

Dame. Hum, Um, Mount *Venus* — Um — Um — Not in love Sir.

Gill. No!

Dame. No!

Gill. No I vow to Gad.

Dame. Why, you are just upon your Marriage as it 'twere.

Gill. Gad then 'tis as 'twere not; for I know nothing of't.

Dame.

Dame. Pull off your Hat, let me see your Forehead; I was sure I was not mistaken,

Gill. It may be you see something that relates to what is past betwixt me and my Mistress that is Married; for I thought it as good as a Match, only her Friends fell off, because I was but a Citizen, and not of a Family good enough for her.

Dame. No Son, Nothing of all this, both in your hand and forehead, the infallible signs of a Marriage; and if you are not Married to a handsome young Lady of a vast Fortune within Eight and forty hours, Ple ne'r proceed more to Astrology.

Gill. In Eight and forty hours!

Dame. Ay.

Gill. And to a great Fortune!

Dame. An Heiress, and of a great Family.— There's something of honour too joyn'd with this Marriage.— You'll be a Knight or a Lord very suddenly.

Gill. And all this by a Wife, where or how shall I see this Woman?

Dame. I could Conjure for her, and let you see her likeness. But what need you care for that, since 'twill infallibly be so, though I han't examin'd yet by what chance it will come about?

Gill. O dear Dame, Sweet Mother, Do but Conjure for her, and let me know all; Do, and I'll hug you, as the saying is, as the Devil hugg'd the Witch.

Dame. My adopted Child, I have promis'd to deny thee nothing; Go into the next Room, lay by your Hat and Sword, when my Invocation is over, and the Spirit that assumes her likeness ready, I will blow this little Whistle. Then come forth, pass by, kiss your hand, and bow in token of good Will and Amity; for you must reverence the Spirit just as you wou'd do the Party her self, were she there.

Gill. I must not speak then.

Dame. Not a word, all dumb signs—and no more than I tell you, when you are pass'd then go into that Room there, and stay till I call you.

Gill. Ple observe your Orders to a hair.

Dame. Go then and prepare.

Hem Beatrice! Now Fortune assist me, and this will be a gainful business.

[*Gill. Exit.*]

Re-enter Mrs. Clerimant and Beatrice.

Dame. Come Madam, I have good News for you, I find by my Art that it will be for your turn to marry suddenly, your Husband will be Rich, a little Capricious, but one that will love you, and with whom you may live very bappily, if you can excuse the want of Noble Parentage.

Cler. If he be rich, and can maintain me handsomly.

Dame. So far I proceeded, and since your Condition may excuse all other defects, I left off the enquiry of unnecessary particulars, and went forward to give you a view of the Person that is to be your Husband.

Cler. As how!

Dame. To show you his likeness, 'tis true, 'tis done by my Invocation of a Spirit; but you'll see nothing but the likeness of a Man pass by you.

Cler.

Git. O Lord, I fancy I feel the ground open under me.

Dame. No, the rising of him is a little terrible; therefore not to fright a woman in your Condition, I have order'd it that you shall be in the next Room here, and when you hear a Whistle, enter, and at the same time the likeness of your Husband shall enter at that Door, and if it bows to you, return his Curses, and go out there, and stay till I call you.

Git. But shall I be safe?

Dame. In the next Room hangs a little gilt Helmet, put that on, and take the Spear that belongs to it in your hand; they have Power of Protection from all Spirits. But you need not fear, go.

Mr. My desire to see the Person, encourages me very much; I long to see that manner of man 'tis I shall Marry. [Exit Clerimant.]

Dame. Go your wayes—So, now shall I have the diversion to see two Fools afraid of one another. He by his folly, and she by her fondness will be enduc'd to an absolute belief of my Conjurat[i]on; thus do's my Art at once afford me Profit and Pleasure. *Mr. Gillet* be ready. *Madam* be ready—when—

[*Dame* runs to each side of the Stage calls to 'em, and then whistles.]

Enter Mr. Gillet, Mrs. Clerimant from each side, look at each other, he Bows, she Curtsies passing by, and so go out:

Dame. Ha, ha, ha, *Beatrice* go after and keep her there till I Call; Son *Gillet*, Son, Son.

Gillet peeping.] Ha!

Dame. Come, come in, the Apparition's gone.

Gill. I was a little afraid.

Dame. That was because you had not the Sword on: But the stoutest Men in the World may be allow'd to be afraid of a Spirit. Courage extends no farther than not being afraid of living Creatures. But how did you like the Lady?

Gillet. O Dear Mother, a lovely Creature. But is she such a Fortune—an Heiress?

Dame. I told you before as to that.

Gill. But where shall I see her now agen in proper Person?

Dame. Go home immediately, and be standing most part of the day in your Father's Shop, a Lady will come there in a Coach to buy some Jewels, amongst the rest show her this Ring, desire her to put it on her Finger, if she do's not offer it her self when she is looking upon't;—and if once this comes upon her Finger, she falls immediately desperately in love with the man out of whose hands it came last.

Gill. O dear!

Dame. The Lady is not in love with you, or ever has seen you, but will accidentally come as I tell you; Therefore I give you this Sympathy Ring, the very touch whereof will beget in her such a strong passion, that she will not be able to refuse you any thing that you will ask of her, nor endure to let you be out of her sight, as long as the love Fit lasts.

Gill. And how long will it last?

Dame. But two days.

Gill.

Gill. What if I shou'd ask her to lye with her, to be sure of her, for fear we shou'd not get to be Married in that time, and she afterwards fall off?

Dame. I told you you wou'd infallibly be Married to her in Eight and forty hours, therefore, I know nothing can fall out to the contrary; Besides to ask her, that wou'd do no good, this is no Charm against virtue and honour, therefore you must ask nothing but what is lawful.

Gill. O ho, I understand you.

Dame. Go, get you home quickly, when she is come and has bought, promise to wait on her home for the Money, take with you a Wedding Ring to have readyness, and by the way make your Courtship, she'll presently yield, bid the Coach drive to *Marry La Boon*, and by virtue of that Ring hoop her fast to you.

Gill. Well, dear Mother, there's my Purse I leave in Pawn for this Ring, there's a hundred Guineys in't, and as soon as the Marriage is over, I'll come and give you a hundred more to buy you a pair of Wedding Gloves. Adieu. [Gill. Exit.]

Dame. There's one Dispatch now for the Lady Bride. Here *Beatrice*, desire the Lady to walk in.

Re-enter Mrs. Clerimant and Beatrice.

Dame. Go you down and guard the Door.

Madam, I have examined my Spirit, and I am inform'd that you will have a fancy some time to day to go into the City to a great Jewellers to buy two or three hundred pounds worth of Jewels, and from thence your Marriage will happen.

Cler. How shou'd I have such a fancy in my Head, I have not a quarter of the Money by me to pay for 'em. And yet I have seen a man that your figure exactly resembles, often standing in a Goldsmith's Shop as I have pass'd by in a Coach, and have taken great notice of him.

Dame. Do you know the Shop.

Cler. Exactly.

Dame. Go then, enquire the Peoples Names, and who this man is, and of what substance and ability as to Riches; though I know by my Art he is or will suddenly be a vast rich man. And when you are satisfied go in, pretend to buy a Diamond Ring, bid him go home with you, and say you'll pay him the Money; though I know if you take Five hundred pounds worth of Jewels he'll present 'em you all, he's so in love with you. And by the suddenness of your Marriage, I ghes he'll offer to marry you before you get half way home, and then he's paid of Course; and the things are your own.

Cler. I'll try the Frolick; If it be one as I suspect, I'll not make two words about the Business.

Dame. Go, and when you have done, come and inform me what passes.

Cler. But first Dame——

Dame. Nay, don't put your hand in your Pocket, I'll have no Reward till you are satisfied I have deserv'd it, when the business is over.— That you are Married, and find your Husband as I tell you, if then you'll present me with a

Jewel of One hundred pounds value, Ple esteem it for your sake, and such a thing you may take up where you are a going.

Cler. Well Dame, you are very generous, and so will I be in my Reward— then my thanks--if this succeed, I shall be a happy Woman. [Exit.

Dame. And I shall have the Credit of making a good Match for a Court Lady that has more Beauty than Honesty, is a fit Wife for a Citizen that has more Money than Wit. [Dame Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Dame Dobson, and Mr. Gerrald.

Dame. **M***R. Gerrard,* I see you are come to visit me agen.

Gerr. I am your Convert; finding my Pistols by your means, hath given me an absolute belief in every thing you say or do: Was there not a North-Country Lady with you?

Dame. Yes, a pretended Heiress. They thought to deceive me with a Story of her being stolen away and Marry'd.

Gerr. What could be more strange than the Discovery of that? 'Twas the Countess--to whom the Collonel layes such a close Siege! She is absolutely resoly'd never to have any farther Correspondence with him: And for proof oft. I am to call on her some time to Day to wait on her hither.

Dame. What to do?

Gerr. To desire a Charm of you to make her forget the Collonel.

Dame. I am at her Service.

Gerr. But good *Dame Dobson*, now you have done me the favour so absolutely to convince me of your profound Knowledge. I have one more favour to beg of you.

Dame. What is that?

Gerr. I am a man that love my Pleasure; I hate delays and laying Siege to Women: who sometimes wanting a little Inclination to betray 'em within, will hold out longer than fortify'd Towns. Now I am for a brisk assault, Taking, Sacking and Plundering them all in a Minute; wherefore I would purchase a Secret of you, that might make all Women that I have a mind to, to fall in love with me at first sight.

Dame. I understand you—

Gerr. I am by Nature very inconstant, but do not think the worse of me for't; 'tis the only way to be happy; for if we consider the thing right, what can be more miserable than a constant Lover.

Dame. Most men are of your mind.

Gerr. Fully to enjoy the sweets of love, we must love all that are Fair and
Beau.

Beautiful ! The tall, the short, the lean, the plump, the fair, the black, the brisk, airy, wild and the sober phlegmatick demure Lady : They have all some different Charm, and something peculiarly pleasant and diverting in their way of loving, which others have not ; and therefore a Lover cannot be completely happy that confines himself to any one, or indeed to less than all.

Dame. You are one of an extraordinary Gusto.

Gerr. I am experienc'd, and know Women : There is a sort of 'em that are proud, haughty, and imperious, who think it a scorn that any man in the World shou'd say he has had the advantage of 'em. There are others of a cold Constitution by Nature, and insensible : Some that nothing can change, when they have plac'd their Affections. And as this sort are very pleasant and lightful to a man, whil'st his appetite serves ; so are they a most troublesome sort of Cattle, when a Lover begins to retreat : They are Killing, Stabbing, and Poisoning : Others there are that have a natural Aversion both to Love and to Mankind.

Dame. Those sure are Monsters in Nature !

Gerr. They are dough-bak'd Women ; there wanted heat at their Generation : And there's as great a difference betwixt them and other Women, as in the Chickens that are hatch'd by the heat of an Oven, and those under a Hen !

Dame. There is a great difference indeed : But now as to your Business ! I won't say 'tis above my Power ; but as I cannot absolutely effect it without the utmost severity of Art, and the most rigorous of my Conjurations, to assemble the Spirits that are most stubborn and difficult to obey ; so it cannot be done in a day ; and you will not in less than six Months perceive that I have compass'd for you what you desire.

Gerr. But will you assure me that in Six Months or such a time, I shall have power over all Women that please my fancy ?

Dame. There is one little difficulty which incapacitates me absolutely to promise ; but if that obstacle were remov'd—

Gerr. What is't ?

Dame. I shall need a Composition of Gold, which is a Sovereign Metal, and is essentially necessary to my performance of this Affair.

Gerr. I understand you : There are 40 Guineys for the present, I was just going to offer it you.

Dame. Nay,—I ask not any for my self ; Ple freely bestow my pains, but this is for an Ingredient ; my Spirits shall go to work upon these, and have time enough to talk before the six Months are expir'd.

Gerr. I shall live in a great expectation of the good hour.

Dame. I wou'd willingly have contriv'd to have done you the Kindness without putting you to the Expence, but that it was impossible to be done without an Extract of Gold ; which truly prepar'd and rightly administred, will have a strange Dominion over the Spirits of Women. You see what Miracles it works in its simple Native state, with its gross Elements about it ; what then will it do when my Spirits have refin'd it, by the help of my Art ?

Gerr. And how is it to be us'd ?

Dame. I convert it into Powder, which put into a Gold Case, with some

Jewel of One hundred pounds value, Ple esteem it for your sake, and such a thing you may take up where you are a going.

Cler. Well Dame, you are very generous, and so will I be in my Reward—
I'll then my thanks--if this succeed, I shall be a happy Woman. [Exit.

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Beautiful ! The tall, the short, the lean, the plump, the fair, the black, the brisk, airy, wild and the sober phlegmatick demure Lady : They have all some different Charm, and something peculiarly pleasant and diverting in their way of loving, which others have not ; and therefore a Lover cannot be completely happy that confines himself to any one, or indeed to less than all.

Dame. You are one of an extraordinary Gusto.

Gerr. I am experienc'd, and know Women : There is a sort of 'em that are proud, haughty, and imperious, who think it a scorn that any man in the World shou'd say he has had the advantage of 'em. There are others of a cold Constitution by Nature, and insensible : Some that nothing can change, when they have plac'd their Affections. And as this sort are very pleasant and delightful to a man, whil'st his appetite serves ; so are they a most troublesome sort of Cattle, when a Lover begins to retreat : They are Killing, Stabbing, and Poisoning : Others there are that have a natural Aversion both to Love and to Mankind.

Dame. Those sure are Monsters in Nature !

Gerr. They are dough-bak'd Women ; there wanted heat at their Generation : And there's as great a difference betwixt them and other Women, as in the Chickens that are hatch'd by the heat of an Oven, and those under a Hen !

Dame. There is a great difference indeed : But now as to your Business ! I won't say 'tis above my Power ; but as I cannot absolutely effect it without the utmost severity of Art, and the most rigorous of my Conjurations, to assemble the Spirits that are most stubborn and difficult to obey ; so it cannot be done in a day ; and you will not in less than six Months perceive that I have compass'd for you what you desire.

Gerr. But will you assure me that in Six Months or such a time, I shall have power over all Women that please my fancy ?

Dame. There is one little difficulty which incapacitates me absolutely to promise ; but if that obstacle were remov'd—

Gerr. What is't ?

Dame. I shall need a Composition of Gold, which is a Sovereign Metal, and is essentially necessary to my performance of this Affair.

Gerr. I understand you : There are 40 Guineys for the present, I was just going to offer it you.

Dame. Nay,—I ask not any for my self, Ple freely bestow my pains, but this is for an Ingredient ; my Spirits shall go to work upon these, and have time enough to talk before the six Months are expir'd.

Gerr. I shall live in a great expectation of the good hour.

Dame. I wou'd willingly have contriv'd to have done you the Kindness without putting you to the Expence, but that it was impossible to be done without an Extract of Gold ; which truly prepar'd and rightly administred, will have a strange Dominion over the Spirits of Women. You see what Miracles it works in its simple Native state, with its gross Elements about it ; what then will it do when my Spirits have refin'd it, by the help of my Art ?

Gerr. And how is it to be us'd ?

Dame. I convert it into Powder, which put into a Gold Case, with some
G
Cureme

Ceremonies us'd to it, and mystick Characters engraven upon't; and worn about your Neck, will have a secret power to produce a Sympathy in the Breasts of all Ladies, for whom your Heart feels any Inclination: And as your desires increase or abate, so will their loves to you. —

Gerr. You are an admirable Woman if you effect this.

Dame. Nothing can hinder't but your want of Faith.

Gerr. Which shall be strong, that your Charms may prove so too.

Enter Beatrice, whispers to Dame Dobson.

Dame. I'll go to her, stay you here; and when he's gone, give us notice.

*I must leave you, some urgent Occasions require me within; but rest confident and assur'd that from my Art you shall become a *Beau Gerson* amongst the Ladies. —* *[Exit Dame.]*

Gerr. Having made it my Business so long to decry this Woman, and call'd every body Fool that had any thing to do with her; am I my self after all become her Bubble? her demand of Gold for an Ingredient, looks like a *Wheat-die*: And besides the present Sum, she has laid her Train to draw more from me for the future: But yet her revealing to me my Pistols, and her discovery of the Cheat of the pretended North-Country Heiress; are things that persuade me to a Confidence that she can do strange matters: But if she should Cheat me after all — I'll have the wit to hold my tongue, and not let it be known; so I shall be laugh'd at, at least — *[Exit]*

Re-enter Beatrice.

Beat. Dame, Mr. Gerrard is gone.

SCENE II

Enter Dame Dobson, and Prudence.

Dame. **M***Rs. Prudence, walk in here then. Beatrice, stand you Centinel, and give me timely notice who comes. —* *[Ex. Beat.]* Come now to our *China Vessel*; what became of the Jarr.

Prud. I came on purpose to give you an account, when we went up to Bed, we lockt the Door on the inside, she lay'd the Key under her Bolster. The question then was; whether we shou'd put out the Candle or not? at last we consider'd, that if we shou'd see the Spirit, the sight wou'd fright us out of our wits. And that it wou'd be enough to hear it fall! That done, I had the string ready which I had prepar'd with a running knot, and as I came to Bed in the dark from the Chimney, where I put out the light, I stept and put it o're the Neck of the Jarr; and unwound the bottom all along, as I crept to the Bed-side. I was no sooner lay'd, but my Lady crept close to me, and clasp'd her Arm round.

round my waste, and every now and then fancying a Noise, she'd say--Oh we are undone ! we are undone ! but with a soft low voice, for she was afraid to cry out, lest the Spirit shou'd know we were there.

Dame. How cou'd you forbear laughing ?

Prud. With much ado, at last I gave the Cord a twitch, down comes Urn, the noise made her shriek out.--I seconded her with ah, I am dead, dead : She sunk down o're head and ears in the Bed--I did the same, half an hours Palpitation of the heart, not daring to stir or speak all that till she was almost smother'd. She bid me get up and see in what condition Jarr was.

Dame. Broken all in pieces, I warrant you !

Prud. No, the Jarr it self was whole, it happen'd to fall upon the Quilt of the Couch; and from thence rowl'd down upon the Tapestry Carpet that was spread upon the floor of the *Alcove*; but the Cover fell so, as it broke in the middle.

Dame. What said she then ?

Prud. She pass'd away the rest of the Night in a great deal of disquiet, lest her old man shou'd not die ; she'll come to you--sometime to day, to know what Comfortable News you'll give her ; at present she's much dishearten'd.

Dame. I'll satisfy her when she comes, I warrant you.

Prud. Now I have told you all, I've begun : I stole out to come hither. And if I am mist must make some excuse.

Dame. Yes, for she must not know you have bin here.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Dame--here is Mr. *Heartall* come to speak with you.

Prud. He knows me to belong to my Lady, I'll put my Hoods o're my face, and steal by him.

Dame. No, go out that way, *Beatrice* will show you. [*Ex. Prud. and Beat.* Enter Sir, enter.

Enter Heartall.

Well Sir,--How goes our Business ?

Heart. Nothing better. After I left you yesterday--I went two or three miles out of Town in a Hackney-Coach, the Glasses drawn up that nobody might see me. Towards Evening I took Post, and came to Town, and light from my Horse at my Widows Door, by good luck she was just then looking out of the Window, expecting me ; she received me with joy. We enter'd into a serious discourse of Love, and after a thousand Protections of Kindness, she assur'd me that within three days I shall be entirely happy.

Dame. She'll Marry you then.

Heart. We then made a Contract before witness. That Circumstance of kissing her Picture in my Retirement, wrought much upon her : She thinks she cannot enough reward my fidelity.

Dame. I am glad I contributed so much to your Fortune.

Heart. Ple ever acknowledge your Favours; but let me tell you, That what you have done for me, redounds much to your advantage, and has extremely advanc'd your Reputation: She has told somebody what past yesterday betwixt us, it is in every bodies mouth.---I have already met four or five of my Friends have enquir'd of me if it was true, that I was yesterday Thirty miles off.

Heart. Do not undeceive 'em by no means.

Heart. Never. I protested to 'em all, that I was at *Tunbridge*; and that the Post and came to Town upon account of a Letter I receiv'd at Twelve o'clock.

Enter Beatrice.

Heart. The Collonel is come.

Heart. I find you are full of Practice still: Ple come agen in the Evening, and bring my thanks with me for all your Kindness.

Dame. You need not concern your self about that: I think my self indebted to you, that you have given the World this Confirmation of my Skill, so much to my advantage. And I will rest extremely well satisfy'd---if you will but stay and discourse the Collonel a little: He's an unbelieving Enemy of mine, and I would do all I can to bring him over to my side, and in this you may serve me.

Heart. 'Tis ten to one but he'll be enquiring, the truth of this Business; and a Confirmation from my mouth may prevail much.

Dame. Ple retire, and give you opportunity. Take no notice that you have spoke with me yet; but say you are told I am very busie upon some great Design.

Heart. Ple observe Orders.

Dame. Go *Beatrice*, bring in the Collonel.

[*Exit Dame.*]

Enter Collonel.

Coll. How, Mr. *Heartwell* in Town!

Heart. A Letter which I receiv'd yesterday at Noon from the Party you know of, brought me so soon to Town; She was at last so kind to Command my return.

Coll. She was here yesterday to consult Dame *Dobson* in matters relating to you; and as she her self affirms, Dame *Dobson* shew'd her you in a Glass kissing her Picture.

Heart. 'Tis true, that I often paid my Devotions to her Picture when I was absent.

Coll. And that she writ to you to *Tunbridge* at the same time, to come with all speed to Town, and a Spirit convey'd her Letter, and brought back an Answer from you in less than a quarter of an hour.

Heart. What is't you tell me? Yet now I think on't, her Express must have bin the Devil, otherwise he cou'd not have bin here before me.

Coll. Then you believe it was the Devil.

Heart. Perhaps you only tell me this to laugh at me, or try my Confidence in this Woman, because you find me here: But 'tis very true that in my Solitude I was gazing on my Window, and kissing her Picture just when the Messenger brought me the Letter.

Coll.

Coll. You did kiss it then, and she writ to you, and you answer'd the Letter immediately? I know not what to think.

Heart. I am as much surpriz'd as you, but I wonder'd I could not overtake the Messenger; for I mounted immediately, and had a Horse under me so fast I durst venture to run him with most *New-Market Racers*; yet he was before me, and had deliver'd my Letter long e're I came.

Coll. The Circumstances of your confirmation render it yet more strange. Did you not stop by the way?

Heart. No,--I rid as if it had bin upon Life and Death.

Coll. I confess now I know not what to think of this *Cunning Woman*.

Heart. I do not know whether it may be proper for me to enquire any more of her now or not, concerning this matter--I came to be resolv'd in some doubt relating to my Mistress, but she having bin here before, I'll let it alone: Besides I am told here, that old Dame *Dobson* is extremely bulie.--I have outstay'd my time already, and I cannot conveniently tarry any longer--beside, Collonel, I owe that respect to you.

Coll. I hope I am not the Occasion of your going away, my business is but Curiosity,--I am in no great haste.

Heart. I have alter'd my mind, since you have told me she has bin here, and in two or three days I shall be resolv'd in my scruples, if the Widow keeps her word: And I think I need not doubt it after those assurances which she has given me since my coming to Town.

Coll. I am glad to hear you are so far advanc'd towards your Happiness.

Heart. 'Tis so,--Collonel, Your most humble Servant. [Exit Heartwell.]

Enter Dame Dobson.

Dame. Well Sir, your North Country Lady. Where?

Coll. She's afraid to come, but that's pardonable in a Woman; I confess you surpriz'd me, I did not think you could have found out that we came to put a trick upon you. And I more wonder at that, than I shou'd at your Familiar or Devil, you talk of shewing us.--

Dame. O 'tis a hard thing to deceive me. I hold intelligence with those Spirits that inform me of every thing.

Coll. Come, leave talking of Spirits, those are Stories to be told to Women and Fools; let me understand the reality of the thing.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. O Dame!

Dame. What's the matter, Beatrice?

Beat. Here's the rich Country Gentleman come to Town agen, he that told you how many Thousand Pounds he got by Farming the Chimney Money of his County.

Dame. What he that we fobb'd out of his Money with our Counterfeit Widow!

Beat. The same!

Dame. Tell him I am not at Home.

Beat. I have ; but he swears and stares. And says, he'll search every Rome in the House.

Dame. Say---I am not at leisure; and that there's a Person of Quality with me.

Beat. I told him that too, when he said so ; but he swore busie or not busie, I wou'd speak to you. And wou'd come in, tho' all the Devils of Hell were against you.

Beat. His coming at this time will ruine me.

Dame. All I cou'd prevail with him in, was but to have patience, till I came in, I told you he was at the Door.

Beat. I must not speak with him till the Collonel's gone ; if he sees me open his Throat, and out with all before him. And then there'll be no come off for me.

Coll. I perceive, Dame, you are disturb'd ; what's the matter ?

Dame. There is without a Rustick sort of a Country Gentleman, that will not be deny'd Admittance ; one that comes to be angry with me upon a mistake, at another time I shou'd have good sport with him : But now his presence wou'd be troublesom, and divert me from pleasuring you in what you have a mind to know or see.

Coll. Let him come in---Ple give him his answer. I am here first.

Dame. Doubtless--he'll have respect to your Garb and Quality. Let him come any other time, and Ple satisfie him in all he can demand.

Coll. Call him in.

Dame. Ple retire in the mean time to dispatch another small Affair in order to my Business with you. Call him in *Beatrice*, Ple be at my list'ning hole, when he goes out follow him close at heels, and bolt the Street Door after him.---

[Exit Dame and Beat. severally.]

Enter Mr. Farmer.

Farm. Ha, Noble Collonel !

Coll. Who, Mr. Farmer !

Farm. Lord, Collonel, who'd have thought to have seen you here?

Coll. Why d'ee wonder at that ? You come here. Every body comes here. And I amongst the rest.

Farm. I am too much your humble Servant, not to inform you of what I know ; you come to a Woman here that is the greatest Cheat this day upon the Earth : if I shou'd tell you what a Trick she has play'd me.---

Coll. How ! And every body tells such wonders of her ?

Farm. Ay, a Company of Fools like my self. I have bin her Milch Cow, till of late ; but my eyes are open : if you'll have patience to hear it. Ple give you a Relation of the Jigg she has play'd me.

Coll. VVhat, she has conjur'd for you then !

Farm. Oh finely, under pretence of helping me to a rich VVidow, has cheated me out of 600*l.* but that's past, such an Owl as a Country Clodpate was ; a fine Bird for her to pluck.

Coll. She has had good store of your Guineys then !

Farm. She is a Cut-purse, a Cut-throat ; be you judge of the fine Doings of

of my Dame *Dobson*, who has conspir'd with that Cockatrice to Cheat me of such a Sum; but I'll have her apprehended, and Burnt for a VVitch, or Hang'd for a Cheat at least.

Coll. Be not in haste, she may come off by saying that what you reproach her with, is but a story of your own Invention; I came here to have some proofs of her Conjuring, I shall catch her in her Roguery, and that join'd with your Charge against her, will make well for your purpose and mine too.

Farm. Now I am convinc'd, that all her Supernatural Informations and Conjurings are meer Artifice and Cunning; yet she has shew'd me strange things that have frighted me to the very heart—And I know not, but you—

Coll. I am faithless of all that, and fearless. I'll put her to her Trumps; you to the next Tavern, and stay my coming, when I have done here I'll come to you, there I'll hear your Story at large, we'll lay our heads together how to regain your 600*l.* and be reveng'd on her, for the Injuries she has done me.

Farm. I will be counsel'd by you; And I hope 'twill prove to the Advantage of us both. Collonel, I'll expect you at the *Rose*. [Exit Farmer.]

Coll. So—Now to manag'd this Business to the best advantage.

Enter Dame Dobson.

Dame. What is he gone? why did not this Wench call me? where are you *Beatrice*? you are so negligent in your Duty. I am sorry I did not know it sooner.

Coll. He is but just gone.

Dame. You had much ado to perswade him then? —

Coll. He us'd many Arguments to stay, and pretended earnest business with you.

Dame. 'Tis a wonder he did not tell it you.

Coll. No!

Dame. 'Twill be a fortunate Chuff; tho' at present he's in a peck of Troubles about 600*l.* which he thinks he's Cheated of: But is in the hands of a rich young Widow, to whom he will certainly be Married in a very short time.

Coll. Say you so?—he's no very handsome Man.

Dame. But she loves him desperately; she came to me to know what kind of Husband he'll prove: I certify'd her from the infallible Rules of my Art: But she for all that to try his Temper, perswaded me into a Plot against him, to see how he'll bear the loss of so much Money, and whether he'll be more troubled for the loss of her Person, or such a Sum.

Coll. Then he'll have the Money agen by marrying th' Widdow.

Dame. She has order'd some Friends to pay him the Money a Month hence here in Town, when she has heard what humour he's of.

Coll. Then 'twas her he threaten'd, he call'd somebody Cheating Baggage several times, and threaten'd; how will she like that? This may go nigh to break off the Match!

Dame. No! 'tis his Fate to Marry her. The Stars have so decreed it, and my Art has foretold it; therefore it must be. But let us talk no more on't now, another time I'll tell you a pleasant Story how we have manag'd him in the Affair.

H

Coll. This is a Cunning Devil : how she has confounded me agen?

Dame. You were going on in a Discourse before we were interrupted, In which you seem'd to desire something of me, do you remember what you were going to ask ?—

Coll. I was pressing you to let me understand the mystery of your Practice, the reality of your Art ; for I know 'tis all but Subtlety, and Delusion. You may tell me ; I am not one that will hinder your advantage ; every one that live in the World, and I am a well-wisher to Ingenuity : I know that all Persons from the highest to the lowest act for their advantage, and Profit is the thing they aim at.

Dame. How ! Profit ! who do you take me for ? There is no deceit Sir in what I perform : I am as good as my word to every Body ; nay, I would not be worse than any word to the Devil — So far I am from what you say ! —

Coll. I believe you. — We ought to be as good as our word to every one : But yet hold a little, *Dame Dobson* confess to me that the greatest of your Skill is to know how to deceive Cunningly ; and Ple esteem you the more for it : I will commend your Ingenuity, and if you'll shew me how you mannage your Affairs, I will be more beneficial to you, than are the silly Fools you fright in to such admiration.

Dame. Your false Presumption makes you insult too much ; have a care you come to no harm. I have not the least intencion of ill to you ; but here are those that will take my part. And though you see nothing, they hear what you say in derogation to my Honour, and their Power. And 'tis not safe for you to talk so any longer.

Coll. You speak this to a man that is insensible of fear. I laugh at all your Devils and Familiars, and your Spirits of Intelligence : I defy 'em : Let 'em come : Let — 'em appear quickly. Ple play the Devil among 'st 'em. What silly Business is this ! I can do as much when I please, my self ; but I thought I heard something fall down.

Dame Dobson walks about with precipitation, looks upward and downward, mutters to her self. After that Thunder and Lightning is seen to flash down the Chimney.

Dame. Look nearer, and see what's there?

Coll. See : yes, without the least apprehension of fear.

Dame. It may be as stout Men as your self have bin afraid. Whence comes your silence? what you are amaz'd ?

The other parts of the Body fall down the Chimney.

Coll. I did not expect this Sight of horror ; a Humane Body torn Limb from Limb. Do you Murder folks here ?

Dame. If you'll take my advice, go your way.

Coll. I go away !

Dame. Ne'r strive to hide it : I see fear has seiz'd you.

Coll. I acknowledge I have some concern on me ; But it proceeds only from the misfortune of this poor mangled Wretch.

Dame. Since you are so troubled at that, Ple bring him to life agen.

You go back, and hang down your head ; you are a sham'd now to let me see that you are afraid ; but Ple forget you have insulted, and sent you from this fright.

Go ! She waves her wand in the Air, the Thunder and Lightning redoubles, during which the Parts of the Body approach and joyn together. The Body rises and walks to the middle of the Stage.

Go ! return from whence thou camest, and be as thou wert before the Power of my Commands forc'd thee to appear. — [The Body vanishes.

Coll. Where is the thing I saw ? I perceiv'd a Man to move towards me ; where is't ? I wou'd fain have spoken to it. O O

Dame. Your Voice is faint and trembling ; you told me you were one that fear'd nothing.

Coll. The Sight was so extraordinary, that I may well be allowed a little surprize ; but as for being afraid, you do mean injury if you think so.

Dame. You chang'd Count'nance more than once ; what wou'd you have done if I had show'd you what you have so long in vain endeavour'd to see.

Coll. Ay the Devil. Ple give you a Hundred Guinnies to shew me that Sight.

Dame. You d' be scar'd out o' your Wits.

Coll. I will be as good as my word if you can shew me the Devil. And I'll then say you are what you pretend to be, without that I am an Infidel still--

Dame. Since 'tis so—I will. Fortifie your self with Courage, and come agen in the Evening.

Coll. You are in earnest ?

Dame. In very good earnest : I'll see how courageously you'll stand the brunt of such an amazing Object. You'll be sure to come ?

Coll. Yes ; but you'll engage I shall return in safety.

Dame. Safe from every thing but your own fear : If fear kill you , I cannot help that.

Coll. May I not bring a Friend along with me ?

Dame. No, you must come alone.

Coll. Adieu then Dame. I'll be sure to come.

[Exit Collonel.

Dame. You'll consider better on't ; but come not, or come ; your valour is but a Bravado : I know the strength of your Constitution now. And since this Sight made your Courage retreat so, the next shall rout it quite. And give it such an overthrow, it shall never rally hereafter to my prejudice. And this Imports me more than ever, now you are joyn'd in Confederacy against me.--

[Exit Dame,

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Dobson, and Mr. Goslin.

Dame. **M**^{R.} Decoy !
Decoy. Where are you ?

SCENE II.

Enter Decoy.

Decoy. Here, Mr. *Goslin's* come, and now you have a Devil in readiness for the Colonel: I think I had best run and fetch the Lady;

she stays only for my coming to tell her you are at leisure.

Dame. Do so, tell her I am alone, if any one comes in the mean time, you may carry her into the next Room awhile; all things are prepar'd for her coming. *Beatrix* has her Instructions, and all will go well.

Daisy. She'll be very liberal, and she's a Woman frighted at the least thing imaginable, and will look upon any slight trick as miraculous.

Dame. Go thou, bring her quickly that we may dispatch her, and have a clear-house before the Colonel comes; as much frighted as he was at the Body torn piece-Meat, yet perhaps he may venture to come agen.

Decoy. You have a Devil ready harness'd to entertain him. But I'll lose no more time.--I'll send you in a Customer.--I have without, who whilst I step for the Lady, will afford you diversion enough. [Ex. Decoy.]

Dame. This *Decoy* is a diligent fellow, I have thriven well e're since he has bin my Confederate: Oh, here comes the Sheep I am to fleece.

Enter Jinkin.

Who would you speak with Sir? *Jink.* Was a great pig-Gentleman of *Wales* look you. And her was come to look a Gentlewoman, was call her Name *Dobson*.

Dame. I am She!

Jink. Then look you *Dame Dobson*, Got he knows, her was come to you, with very heavy hearts look you.

Dame. I afford present help for most Misfortunes.

Jink. Was hear indeed that her was full of Conjurations. And that her keep tame Devils, and Spirits and Familiars about you: Now her has bin Wedded, and Marry'd, and put together in Matrimonies one whole years, two dayes, and three weeks, look you, without Portions with her Wife; because she was very good Gentlewomans born, look you: But now her is grown full of Boldnesses, and was tell her to her face, her did not Marry *Jinkin* for love; but her Diversions I pray you: Then her was ride Huntings, and leaping o're Hedges and Ditches, and blowing Horns, with the best Hunters in *Whales*, look you.

Dame. There's no great harm in that, if she do not make you blow the Horn too!

Jink. Was know not that; but at last, look you, her leapt Hedges and Ditches so long till her leapt away with 400 Pieces of good Red old Golds; But her so Cunning, that her sent Scouts after her. And her was teen upon her Gallops to *London* in Mans Apparels; so her come after, and as soon as her come to Town, her spy'd her in the Streets with Hats and Feathers, and Swords

by

by her sides like Gentlemans, look you: So her presently threw her Cloaks over her Noses, look you, that her Wife might not know her, for her had meanings to follow her, to watch her and to dogg her, and just then comes two Coaches and Carts and stops poor *Jinkin*. So her lost her Wifes, and cou'd never see her since.

Dame. Wou'd you have stopt her, if the Coaches had not hinder'd?

Jink. No: Got he knows; for her would have drawn her Swords and Weapons; and kill'd her Husbands like a Man.

Dame. That is to say, you were afraid to be beaten.

Jink. Not afraid; but was not willing to be provokt to wroths and indignations, look you: For Got he knows, when a Welchman's Blood is up, the Devils in her, was not lay it agen; But pray you, look you, can you Conjure hers to this place, and give her Love-Powders, and great deal of Charms to make her have Kindnesses and good Wills towards *Jinkin*, her Husband; but I doubt you cannot do that, because I know the Devil is in her already, look you, because she plays such pranks; I pray you.

Dame. I could bring her hither, tho she were on the very Top of *Penman Moor*; But it requires much Labour and Ceremony to new mould a Woman's Heart, and alter her Affections: besides it will take up long time.

Jink. *Jinkin* can have patience; if *Dame* can put love into her.

Dame. Give me then 9 Pieces of Gold for an offering to the Spirits, which I must make use of to Conduct your Wife hither to put 'em in good humor.

Jink. Nine Pieces? An able Lawyer has but five: Zownch--And why should the Devil have more Fees than the Lawyer?

Dame. Know you not that 9 is a mysterious Number? and very significant?

Jink. Why! was her Devil deal with Mystery in Numbers?

Dame. The greatest mystery in Nature is in Numbers; and especially in this Number 9. find me the like agen in all Arithmetick, 3 times 1 make 3. And 3 times 3 make 9.

Jink. Got he knows it was very pretty.

Dame. If you observe, 9 is compos'd all of odd Numbers; each including the other proportionably; for as 3 is the result of 3 Unites; So Nine is the result of 3 Threes.

Jink. And was it much better I pray you for being odds?

Dame. *Numero-Deus impare gaudet*, Spirits are pleas'd with odd Numbers, says *Virgil* the great Astrologer.

Jink. Zounce; you was out *Dame* Conjurers! Got he knows *Virgil* was very good Poets--but her was no good Astrologers!

Dame. One of the greatest that ever was. Do not you see he has bewitcht all the World with his Verses ever since? And has put so strong a Charm in them 'twill last so till Doomesday; Nobody that reads 'em can refuse liking 'em.

Jink. That was very truths look you, indeed was have no great Acquaintance with *Virgil* in *Whales*, and yet *Virgil* was her Cozen afar off, and a very good Bard; but mark you, was her know he writes Verses in *Whales*, better than her Cozen *Virgil* does; look you *Dame*, here was 9 pieces of red Gold for your Spirits, your Devils and your Hobgoblins: And of all loves, I pray you, *Jink* his Wife agen.

Dame. Doubt not.

Jink. I pray you, look you if her have one *Welsh* Devil in all her Flock, and commend her lovingly to her, and tell her *Jinkins* was her own Flesh and Bloods, and her own Cozen *German*.

[*Call Beatrice.*

Dame. I'll enquire their Countries and Pedigrees : Now to show that you consent to the Charm; blow 3 times upon't as hard as you can--

[*Jinkin blows three times on her hand.*

Harder yet : So---come agen to me four dayes hence; and then I'll give you an account how your affairs stand. And when the Devil will fetch your Wife!

Jink. How the Devil fetch her Wives!--Zownce---no.

Dame. Fetch her to you only: and then I'll prepare a Philtre or Love Potion, that make her doat on you hereafter.

Jink. Look you, pray you! make her very strong Glifters of Love that may keep in her Bodies, and work up to her hearts, And that will do it, look you.

Dame. I know what is fit to be done.

Enter Beatrice.

Jink. Got be with you *Dame Dobsons*, and all your Devils.

[*Ex. Jink.*

Beat. I have listen'd to this *Welsh* Customer with a great deal of Pleasure.

Dame. Against he comes next, I'll invent some Story shall make him depose a greater Sum. What a number of Fools will make me more cunning in spite of my Teeth? Every one encreases History: And rather than it shall not seem Miraculous, tells lies to make it appear so.

Jinkin Re-enters.

Beat. Your *Welshman* returns.

Dame. Look out, and see what is the matter?

[*Beat Exit.*

Jink. *Dame Dobsons*, *Dame Dobsons*.

Dame. What's the matter!

Jink. Her come to tell you *Womans*, you have wonderful Skill in Conjuring; as her was on the Stair Case, and hearing Prattlings below, was look down and saw her own Wife talking with your Maids, look you.

Dame. Are you sure you saw your Wife?

Jink. Zownce her knows her own Wives and her own Spoufes, or the Devil was got into her likenesses, with her Hats and her Feathers.

Dame. No, it was your Wife: I did it to let you see your Money was not thrown away; your present to the Spirits of 9 pieces has oblig'd 'em mightily: And made 'em as willing to serve you, as if you were a Lord. And now you see what virtue is in number 9.

Jink. Her will put all her Silver into 9 Pences for this, and all her Golds into 9 Pounds; But look you *Dame Dobson*, will not your Devil wait on her Wives up here? Zownce her wou'd fain see her.

Dame. You must not be seen by your Wife yet: 'Twill hinder the Operation of my Spell.

Jink. Then *Jinkin* was glad her own dear Wives did not see her own Husband.

Dame.

Dame. Next time you come bring 20 l. with you for the Love-Powder : It's made of all the dear things that can be. And will cost you so much if you have of the best.

Jink. Her wou'd have of her best ; look you ; because her Wifes has very little affections for poor *Jinkins*—And her wou'd have her love her very much.——

Dame. You shall—— Within there.

Enter Beatrice.

Conduct him out at the back Door.——

[*Ex. Beat. and Jink.*]

Chance is often very kind to me ; if Fortune favours me thus but a little longer I shall have no more need of Spies and Intelligencers.

Enter Mrs. Jinkin habited like a Gentleman.

Mrs. Jink. According to the description given me , you shou'd be *Dame Dobson*.

Dame. You are not mistaken.

Mrs. Jink. I have Business with you of great Concernment.

Dame. Who cou'd refuse any Courtesie to so pretty a Gentleman ?

Mrs. Jink. You are pleas'd to rally me ; but to my Business—I am so happy to have something in me that is not displeasing to a great many Persons.——

Dame. And I doubt not but you make the best use on't.——

Mrs. Jink. I do my endeavour ; but every thing falls not out to my mind. There is one little Obstacle that hinders ; and I come to desire you to remove it.

Dame. Come, to particulars !——

Mrs. Jink. 'Tis this,——I see every day a great many fair Ladies, things very agreeable to my Age and Constitution ; of four or five that I am acquainted with, and not altogether hated by, there is one that is Mrs. of her self and rich : 'Tis said she's worth 10000 l.

Dame. You'd have a Charm to make this Lady marry you ?

Mrs. Jink. Perhaps she desires it as much as I : She's handsome, young and spritely : And we seem as it were created for one another. But——

Dame. But what, little Cavalier ?

Mrs. Jink. The Devil on't is—you can Divine what 'tis I want. What I wou'd have you do for me, I believe is not Impossible.——See, there's my hand——

Dame. The Judgments we frame from the hand are too uncertain, it gives but an imperfect knowledge.——I am no great Friend to Chyromancy.——I shall be able to inform you more by Casting your Nativity.——Tell me in what day of the Month you were born ?

[*Dame Dobson makes signs*]

Mrs. Jink. The 16th of November.

Dame. The first Letter of your Name ?

Mrs. Jink. It begins with C.

Dame. Of your Surname ?

Mrs. Jink. J.

Dame. My pretty little Gentleman, what fair Lady soever you are in love with—Come to me. And what favours you would have her grant, through my means—you shall obtain.

Mrs. Fink. By what Secret must it be done? The 10000 pounds are not for you; you are a Female your self.

Mrs. Fink. I love you for that: what because I ha't a Beard yet, you think I am a Woman! Have I the Air of a Woman; think you? See this Hat! this adroitness to draw my Sword.

Dame. You have a manly Grace in all you do; but still y'are a Woman.

Mrs. Fink. You have mistaken something, you have not cast my Nativity

Dame. Plae tell you presently, *[Dame Dobson traces figures in her Book.]* You have bin Married a year and odd Months. Your Husband is very Rustical. You have little Kindness for him, though he took you without a Portion. You absent your self from him.—He knows not what is become of you: And what little Gold you have, you took from him without his knowledge.—

Mrs. Fink. Augh.—It must be the Devil that told you all this; for without Exception, not one living Soul knows any thing of my concerns, nor of my coming hither. I lodge at an old Ladies, and pass for her Nephew.—I intrusted nobody else with the secret of my being a Woman.—but she knows nothing of all the rest.

Dame. Are you satisfy'd now as to your But—

Mrs. Fink. I am dropt out of the Clouds: I wonder no longer People cry you up so: I am of their mind now; and shall speak in your Commendation as much as any body.

Dame. My Reputation is of too great Concern to me to forfeit in trifling things; what I undertake, shall deserve admiration from the wisest and most penetrating Judgments.—

Mrs. Fink. I believe your Ability to be such, that you can do every thing.—

Dame. do so much as change my Sex for me, and make me a Man!

Dame. Make you a Man?

Mrs. Fink. I know you can if you will.—I'll consider you well for't: I'll be bountiful.—

Dame. You have a strong fancy for the 10000!—

Mrs. Fink. I nauseate my beastly, ill-bred, rustical Husband; were I a man, I'd be unmarried from him; And then I should have rare Game amongst the Ladies.—I could then proceed bravely in my Designs: 'Tis this habit that inspires me with boldness to talk to 'em; they hearken to me so willingly; and seem so pleas'd with the least Courtship I make, that I am almost mad to see my self in so fair a way to make a short business, to want the principal Verb to make me happy. Well—of all Conditions, that of a Woman is most miserable!—I have a Hat and a Sword towards Manhood: Come—supply the deficiency of Nature.—Suit my Body to my Soul. And make me a Man complete in all points: for I am resolv'd never to quit the habit.—

Dame. I hear you for mirth sake: But you have too much discretion to be serious in't.—

Mrs. Fink. I am very serious and in good earnest: I swear I would be a man with all my heart!—

Dame.

Dame. I doubt it not : And so would a great many besides your self—
Such a secret as that to transform a Man to a Woman or a Woman to a Man,
would make me a rich Woman indeed.

Mrs. Jink. Since you could tell me all that you have told me : And what no-
body knew but my self.—I am convinc'd nothing is Impossible to you.—I am ex-
tremely delighted with your Knowledge.

Dame. Whenever you have a mind to make use of my Art to reconcile
to your Husband, and bring matters about there. —

Mrs. Jink. Pish.—He's more concern'd at the loss of his Money, than his Wife.

Dame. Observe me: The best course you can take, is to appease him—
would you always play the Libertine thus? And have no regard to your Ho-
nour?—If you'll be a better Wife to him hereafter than hitherto you have bin—
I have a Powder shall make him love you better than ever.

Mrs. Jink. I don't want Money yet ; when that time comes—we'll talk more
on't : Till then Ple take all the Diversion this habit can afford me—I live now
the pleasantest life in the World. And I'll not quit it till I am form'd tot :
Adieu—*Dame,* I give you nothing now—Because I intend to see you agen very
suddenly.

Dame. Fare you well, little Bully—have a care how you draw amongst the
Ladies ; 'twill be ill incontring there for you. —

Mrs. Jink. I warrant you—I am Souldier Skilful enough to know how far to
advance—and to make a safe retreat. — [Exit Mrs. Jinkin.

Dame. This was as lucky, and as pleasant an accident as ever yet happen'd to
me since I first profess the Art of Divination, the Husband and Wife to come
at the same instant. —

Enter Decoy, and Madam Fearly.

Decoy. Enter Madam, enter.

Fearly. No, no, — I won't go in, — I repent I am come so far as I am. —
ah—ah. —

Decoy. What's the matter, Madam?

Fearly. I thought I saw a Spirit behind me, a huge tall black hairy thing.

Decoy. 'Twas nothing but the shadow of the Gentleman that went down
Stairs—recollect your self.—See there's *Dame Dobson.*

Fearly. Ah—ah—ah—Sir, I beseech you do not let her come so near me !

Decoy. I'll stand betwixt you and her. — What are you afraid of Madam?

Fearly. Her very looks fright me : O she's most terrible.

Decoy. 'Tis a meer fancy—she's made like other Women.

Dame. Madam—Please to tell me, what you desire : Be not bashful, I know
the secrets of a great many. —

Fearly. O la—a—I—a—I am in love ; a—

Dame. O very well—And who is't that is not in love? if you knew as
well as I, what a world of People are infected with that Distemper,—you'll
say 'twas more Catching than the Plague, tho' but few dye on't in our Age.—

Decoy. I am glad for this Ladies sake it is not Mortal.

Fearly. Is love a Distemper then, say you ?

Dame. Oh a great one, it distempers People so sometimes, that they can't scarce eat or drink—or rest quiet in their Beds.—Nay, some are distemper'd even to Madness—especially when Jealousie is joyn'd with it—

Fear. My Condition just—she's a very learned Woman. [*Aside to Decoy.*

Decoy. Tell her, tell her—what you'd have.

Dame. Come Madam,—Let me understand your Condition; descend to particulars.

Fear. Be pleas'd to know then Dame—That I am but a Citizen's Wife;—I say truth, my Father was a Citizen; but my Husband is an Alderman.

Dame. Very good.—

Fear. He was a little elderly when I marry'd him: And because he was very old, my Parents would have it a Match.

Dame. So.—

Fear. I never much lov'd him to say Truth;—yet—He's a very kind man to me—Let me have what I will—do what I will—and go where I will.

Dame. A very good sort of a Husband.—

Fear. Yes,—he's kind to me in all this; but he takes very little notice of me as I am a Woman—unless it be a Sunday Nights that we go to Bed betimes. And then I swear it goes against the grain with me—he does so grunt—and—oh I don't like him as a man at all.—

Dame. You may have good reason.—There are many such in the City that make in their Wives well—They are generally good Husbands, but ill Lovers: A woman is seldom very unhappy in a Husband, unless he debars her of Liberty in such a Case, and is stingy or jealous.

Decoy. Madam, please to go on and tell her your self.—

Fear. I have a Kindness for a certain person—a Gentleman, and one that I have found great satisfaction in; a man so different from my Husband, that were I but assur'd of his Constancy—I should believe my self the happiest Woman living.—

Dame. What reason have you to doubt it?

Fear. Within this Month I have had a great Suspicion my interest is sacrific'd to a Rival—he takes all the Caution imaginable to hinder me from knowing it. And to persuade me that he loves no body but me.

Decoy. You must let her know all—She maintains him answerable to his Quality—So that by her means, he makes as good an Appearance as any Gentleman need.

Dame. All this shews a very generous Disposition: He is then Madam your Pensioner.

Fear. Yes, I keep him; but I would not willingly he shou'd oblige another at my Expence: And if I knew that he was disloyal, I would retrench my Civilities as to all that.—

Dame. And with very good reason.—

Decoy. But on the other side, The Lady would be very loath to quarrel with him if he so, that he loves no body but her.

Dame. 'Tis a nice point; and you do well to search into it; for otherwise you would but expose your self to the laughter of your Rival: or lose your Gallantry by quarrelling with him to no purpose.

Feat. You say all in a word.

Decoy. Auh—She's a profound Woman.

Dame. I'll—let you know the truth of this Business presently. [*Exit*]

Feat. By what means?—Ah I am undone—She's going to send some of her Spirits to me, I'll begin—

Decoy. Look to your self: some of 'em will be upon your back at the Door, if you offer to stir.

Dame. What's the matter with you, Madam?

Feat. I find my self very ill—on the sudden.—I'll come agen another time.

Dame. Let me loosen your Stayes, perhaps you are too strait lac'd?

Feat. Eh, no—ah—

[*Feat. makes signs that Decoy should not come near her*]

Decoy. Don't come near her: She's so very tender, you can't touch her without hurting her.

Dame. I find it now, the Lady's afraid; but let her not be frighted, instead of my ordinary Apparitions and visionary Intelligences, I'll only by my Art raise the Head of the Idol *Abelaneus*, which spoke so wonderfully in former Ages, and which shall give her a just account of what she pleases to know—

Feat. The head of *Abelaneus*? a Head!

Dame. When you have heard what that will say, you need no longer be in doubt.—

Feat. Will it speak!

Dame. It shall speak.

Feat. And shall I hear it?—

Dame. You shall hear it.

Feat. No, no, I'll not hear't, that's for certain; for I'll begin this very Minute. Now I have neither Love nor Curiosity.—And I'll reward you to your wish for curing me of two such evils.—

Dame. Eh Madam,——when you are once enter'd here, there's no going out as you imagine!

Decoy. What do you mean Madam? You'll undo your self; here are Swarms of invisible Spirits all round you: And if you affront their whole Society so grossly, as to go away before you have heard the Answer of *Abelaneus* his Idol: They'll come upon you with their Talons, and tear you to pieces.—

Feat. What! would you have me stay and talk with the Devil?

Dame. Thousands wou'd be glad to have a fight of him, that never could obtain the favour.

Feat. They need only come to you!

Dame. They may often come to no purpose: He won't speak to every one, and he must love you very well.—

Feat. How! love me! The Devil love me! I'll say my Prayers. He shall love me, I defy him. And—

Decoy. Hold, hold, hold— for Heav'n's sake do not provoke him: Don't speak to him, Madam. Every body cannot have his Friendships, if you should anger him where are you then?

Dame. What say you, Madam?

Decoy. That she's very much oblig'd to the Devil for his Civility.

Dame. Believe it Madam—He's at your service—Ple go my self for the Head, that is, to be your Oracle; for she'll suffer no body but me to come near her: I give you notice before hand—That you must not show any sign of fear;—I will not answer for your safety if you do. [Exit *Dame*.

Fear. Whither have you brought me here! what shall I do, not to seem afraid—I can't hold a joint still for trembling!

Decoy. Think what a Satisfaction 'twill be to know the truth, that you may no longer be fool'd by a Man; when you have heard what the Head says, you'll know what to resolve for the future.

Fear. But the question is how I shall do, to hear it speak, and not show any fear?—I shall ne'r be able to go through't.—eh he, eh—

Re-enter Dame Dobson, a Table brought in with the Head on't.

Beat. appears upon the Table with her head dress'd antickly, and her naked Neck and Shoulders—Eyebrows black, great Pendants in her Ears as big as Pidgeons Eggs.

Decoy. Oh Madam! don't hide your Face; look up! the Devil is not so horrible a Sight as you Imagine.—

Dame. Come near, Lady—The Head is in readines to speak to you.

Fear. Let it begin—I can hear it hither.

Dame. If you'd make much on't, she wou'd speak the freelier to you; Go and salute it.—

Fear. Salute Her! Mercy upon me, not for all the world.

Decoy. Ple go and salute her for you!—How pleas'd she is—See Madam,

[*Head turns it-self from right to left.*

Fear. I dare not,—ah, ah—But why am I in such a fear? It may be 'tis but a Vision! a mist cast before my Eyes?

Dame. A Vision Lady? It may be you think I put tricks upon you. You shall soon be satisfy'd of that.— [*Dame mutters.*

Head. Touch me.

Fear. Oh save me, save me!!

Dame. Now go and see if it be a Vision.

Head. Touch me.

Fear. Save me! what will become of me?

Decoy. Madam, why would you offer to say—

Fear. Oh I shall dye—I shall dye.

Dame. Go presently and touch her; if she calls a Third time you are a lost woman: She'll fly upon you!

Decoy. Come Madam, come boldly.

Head. Touch me.

Decoy. Ah quickly, quickly. [*Fear.* goes forward two or three steps, and then stops and speaks.

Fear. O Well then, since there's no remedy, I need not go any nearer.—I see it's a Head, a real Head.

Dame.

Dame. That's not enough—you must touch it with your bare hand.

Decoy. Forward--forward.

[*Featly going near the Table, Head rouses its Eyes,
She squeaks and starts back. Decoy holds her.*]

Feat. Eh, eh, eh. The motion of its Eyes have frighted me horribly.

Decoy. So—t'other step. [*Mrs. Feat. puts out her hand, and draws it back
once or twice, at last touches it, and retreats.*]

Dame. Now lay your hand upon her, you shall have no hurt: So, now go farther off if you please, you have touch'd it. Now ask her what Questions you will.

Feat. Need I use Ceremony?

Dame. No,—no.

Decoy. Make hast Madam, that we may be gon.

Feat. Stay,—let me recollect my self a little: Tell me Madam Head, does the party I love, love me?

Head. Yes.

Feat. Does he love any Woman but me?

Head. No.

Feat. Does he not often go and visit Mrs. Bridget?

Head. Sometimes.

Feat. For what I beseech you, Madam Head?

Head. To serve his Friend.

Feat. Shall it never redound to my prejudice?

Head. Not in the least.

Feat. I'll know no more Dame. Here, here's Money; Take Purse and all, Adieu,—I am almost out of my Wits. Sir, I beseech you not to leave me, till you have seen me safe at home again.

Decoy. I'll wait on you, Madam —

[*Ex. Feat. and Decoy.*]

Dame. Here is a good Lump.—The Purse weighs heavy--her fear was such, that she'd give it me all, rather than stay to count our part.

Feat. I may venture to come out now, to fright 'em soundly is a sure way to get good store of Money; for I have observ'd all along, that the most fearful are the most liberal.

Dame. Away! Clear the Room! Some body comes.

Enter Mrs. Hellen.

Hell. Dame! where are you, Dame?

Dame. Mrs. Hellen what now?

Hell. Ah—I had much ado to get to you: The Collonel has a design to surprize you—he and others have prevail'd with the Countess to come with him once more, he has plac'd her and others in readiness to come in at a sign given—which is shooting off a Pistol.

Dame. Say you so?

Hell. He has got a Constable, and a Warrant, that if the other way fail, he may have you before a Justice. He put on a Mask and slip by him to give you notice.

finish them presently. But expect to find him alone, and when you have delivered the Message, come and get Porters, and go with my Trunks to a Friend's house, where I'll send 'em for Security, lest things shou'd happen amiss.

Franc. Yes.

Dame. As you come, bid my Brother *Goslin* be sure not to appear till he hears me whistle, and call him by his Devil's Name. [*Dame* Exit]

Enter Collonel, and Mr. Gerrald.

Coll. Where is *Dame Dobson*?

Franc. Shut up in her Closet to perfect her Charms in order to the Business you come about.---She order'd me to call her when you were here; but told me that you were to come alone.

Coll. I met this Gentleman coming hither; but understanding mine is an appointed Business,---he's pleas'd to do me the favour to defer his till another time.

Ger. I had only a question to ask which I forgot when I was here before.

Coll. I'll but speak two words with him, and he'll begon.

Franc. I'll acquaint my Dame then--

[*Ex. Franc.*]

Ger. Now let me hear how you intend to make this Discovery: And lay *Dame Dobson* open to the World for so great a Cheat as you say.

Coll. I have run her up to a Project, which I think cannot fail; a while since she gave me the Diversion of seeing a Man's Body torn Limb from Limb.

Ger. Diversion d'ee call?

Coll. I seem'd amaz'd to encourage her to show me more. And feigning myself afraid to look upon the Body: I observ'd all the motion; The Limbs join'd themselves together. The Body erected it self, and walkt about: The Device was very neat, and cleverly perform'd; but how 'twas done, I don't apprehend.

Ger. There are many Slights to deceive the Senses.

Coll. The surprize and fear I express, drew her on to promise me, that she wou'd raise the Devil for me to day. I'll Counterfeit a fear still, that she may not go back from her word: if I can but once get hold of her Devil, I'll make him Dance. And this is it for which I sent for you, and other Friends to be in readiness; in whose presence I mean to uncase her Devil, that you may be Witnesses of the Cheat, and help to divulge it, that the Town may no longer be impos'd on.

Ger. I'll retire to your Friends, and expect the Event.

Coll. Bid 'em be sure to detain all persons that are either coming in or going off.---And when they hear the Pistol go off, that's the Sign.

Ger. I know it imports you very much to make a discovery; but I fear she'll be too Cunning for you.

Coll. If I fail---I know the Countess will upbraid my obstinacy, and the world laugh at me---but I willingly run the hazard of all that; since if I succeed, the Countess yet is mine.

Ger. I confess the venture is small in regard of such a Purchase; so proceed and be successful. [*Ex. Ger.*]

Enter Dame Dobson.

Dame. Collonel, I find you a man of Courage that you dare come agen.

Coll. I assure they had need to have Courage that come to you ; but I depend on your word : you assur'd me I should receive no harm.

Dame. Yes, but for all this you are still faint-hearted : Therefore bethink your self whil'st you have time.

Coll. I'll deal ingenuously with you, that what you shew'd me last stagger'd me : you found it out ; and being ashamed of my former weakness——I take this Occasion to repair my Honour in your Opinion.

Dame. Perhaps you'll be less able to stand the shock now, then you were before ; the sight of the Devil is far more terrible than to see a humane Body in any Posture or Condition.

Coll. I promis'd you 50 Guinies if you'd let me see him, I have brought you the Sum ; if I am a little mov'd I shall have the satisfaction at least to see that which Thousands of people are of opinion, nobody has power to show.

Dame. If you don't believe me, keep your Money ; you shall see I am not self-interested.

Coll. You do this because you can't be as good as your word.

Dame. Can't ! not as good as my word. Give me the Money, I'll not raise the Devil for nothing.——

Coll. That is but reasonable. Take it.

Dame. You shall see one of the most formidable Devils of Hell ; as you regard your life, let him not see the least sign of fear upon you ; not the trembling of a joint, nor change of Countenance ; if you do, you'll be mangl'd as the Body I shew'd you. You have heard already he's an unruly Devil.

Coll. My heart is fortify'd, and I stand with resolution.

Dame. Prepare then at the third Invocation of his Name.

Coll. Proceed, I burn with Expectation.

Dame. Ho Madian ! Madian--Say, do you not tremble yet ? do's not your heart begin to fail you ?——

Coll. I rather believe your Art fails you : no sign of Devil yet---

Dame. Upbraid me ! Let all things then turn to Confusion--justle ye Elements, and flash your dreadful Lightnings forth to Usher in this direful Fiend of Fire and Darknels.

Thunder and Lightning.

Coll. Your Mock-hell and puny flashes of Brimstone, fright not me, I see I stand unmov'd.

Dame. Yet are you daring ? Ho Madian--that ly'st fast bound by my Charms, still be obedient to their Power, and stir not forth till I revoke the Spells of your Confinement.

Coll. How ! not see him appear ?

Dame. No Sir.

Coll. Not unkenneled your Devil, what's the meaning of this ! why do you fool me thus ?

Dame. In regard to your Safety.

Coll.

Coll. Evasion,——all Evasion.

Dame. Answer me, and upon your Honour answer me, see by my Air I know 'tis true. (And therefore do it to avoid your Destruction, which would certainly follow) for my Spirits will revenge me.

Coll. What do you mean? what is't you know?

Dame. Nay, I know it already; and to let you see I do, I tell you from my spirit of Divination, that you have bent your intentions to my Destruction, and in order to't, are come with a resolution to surprize me; joy'd in Confederacy with others.

Coll. Ha!

Dame. 'Tis true, if by Conjurations I raise the Devil, you'll accuse me to a Magistrate for a Sorceress; if it prove no Devil, you'll set the world in clamor against me, Endite me for a Cheat. Say,—is not this true; does not this my Knowledge convince you I can do wonders?

Coll. I do confess it; but your Knowledge is not so wonderful as you make it, that Fellow that came running in such haste, I perceive is your Intelligencer, *It was he waited upon the frighted Lady to her Coach. He's one of your Spies that has found it out, and given you notice;* and you'd have it pass for a piece of Skill?

Dame. I know your Malice will upbraid me in every thing, and were't not that I would not be guilty of your death, I'd convince you yet, and proceed in what I was about; but your Intentions which are known to my Spirits, have fill'd 'em so with Revenge and Malice, that they would tear you in pieces should I loose them from their Dens.

Coll. Do——This is all Excuse, do——I defie you and your Devils, and to encourage you, I swear upon my Honour, Word, as I am a Man, shew me but a Devil, you and your Reputation shall be safe.

Dame. I tell you your life is concern'd; you cannot secure that against my Spirits, nor me from Justice to answer for your Death; Therefore it cannot be done.

Coll. You won't then?

Dame. It would ruine us both.

Coll. You won't do't then?

Dame. No.

Coll. You are resolv'd you won't?

Dame. I am.

Coll. Then I am resolv'd too, either to see your Spirits, or to let you see mine.

Dame. What mean you by that Pistol, to kill me!

Coll. No; but in this is a spell. And when this speaks, it conjures up my Devils. *[Shoots off the Pistol.]*

Dame. What's the meaning of this?

Coll. You'll see presently.

Dame. If I let loose my Devils,

Coll. Do, and turn 'em to mine——Let 'em fight helter-skelter; look you, mine are enter'd the lists first; now where are yours?

Enter Mr. Farmer, Mr. Gerald, Countess, Lady Noble, Constable and Officers.

Farmer. Mr. Constable come! Come in Officers.

Ger. Come Madam.

Nob. O la, oh.

Ger. I warrant you, Madam.

Coll. Your Ladyship may venture in: Here's no danger I assure you.

Farm. Well Sir, has she show'd you the Devil?

Coll. No, nor can't.

Count. How I can't!

Coll. By her excuses she has confess'd she can't.

Dame. There are not many in this Company—I have a mind to satisfy

the this Honorable Lady.—Your Honour may please to know I have confess'd

such thing; and whether I can or cannot, is not convenient to acknowledge

before Company. I have given the Collonel Reasons why I don't comply with

his desires at this time, and he ought to be satisfy'd.

Count. O, nay, then,—Indeed Collonel you are unreasonable!

Dame. You know his temper, Madam.

Count. You are much to blame Sir.

Coll. 'Twas ever my misfortune, that you'd take her part: but without this we

have proofs sufficient to make it out, at least to spoil her Trading.

Farm. I'll take Care of that. Come Conjuror, where's my rich Country Wi-

dow, I think she and you own some few Hundreds of Guinies.

Dame. I know nothing of any Widow, nor of your Guinies.

Farm. But time of Payment is come; what, because I have bin hunting after

her, in the Country where she talkt of her Estate, lay; you thought I had given

'em o're for lost. And would not come to you for 'em—6,6,6.

Dame. Allegations without proof!

Coll. We shall find proofs enough both for that and other Cheats, that will

bring your Grannamship to the Whipping-post and Pillory.

Farm. Come, come, Mr. Constable, take her into Custody.

Ger. Who are these?

Enter Mr. Gillet and Mrs. Clerimont.

Dame. Gillet here! This advantage is not to be lost. Mr. Constable, per-

mit me to speak a word with that Gentleman.

Gill. Ho Dame, Give me joy, Dame.

Dame. Whist!

Gill. What's the Matter? what do all these people here?

Dame. Ple tell that anon; are you Marry'd?

Gillet. The Parson has done his part, and we'll do ours anon; but take no

notice to my Wife you knew any thing of the matter; brought her to see you,

pretending to know what good event we shou'd have of our Marriage.

Dame. Enough, you remember your Promise. Have you the Money?

Gill. That was one reason of my coming!

Dame. Let nobody see you give it me; so, now let me speak two words to

your Lady.—The Business is done I hear; you are Marry'd?

Clerim. Yes, dear Dame, thanks to you.

Dame. Have you e're a Jewel for me?

Clerim. I have Jewels in abundance. Ple give you this Locket upon my Arm, and

to him I lost it.

Dame.

Dame. Enough, my best will best can do.
Coll. Is not that my Cousin *Clerimont*?
Coun. Yes sure.
Nov. But who is that with her?
Ger. 'Tis one *Gillet*, the rich Jeweller's Son in the City.
Coll. Cousin *Clerimont*, what has brought you here?
Cler. That which brings you and every one, Curiosity.
Coll. A word with you *Cozen*, what does he do with you?
Cler. A word with you in private.
Gil. What *Dame*, is this my Wife's *Cozen*?
Dame. Yes,—yes,—You hear he is.

Enter Mrs. Jinkin running, Mr. Jinkin following!

Mrs. Jink. *Dame Dobson!* *Dame Dobson!*
Dame. Hift! hift. What's the matter?
Ger. What young Spark is this?
Mrs. Jink. O *Dame!* my Husband spy'd me in the Street, and follow'd me--
 I came in here to escape him.

Dame. See—he follows you in.
Mrs. Jink. Good *Dame* cast a mist before his Eyes, that he mayn't see me.
Dame. I ha'n't time; mix your self with that Company, till I speak with him.
Jink. O *Dame Dobsons.*
Dame. Speak low, speak low.

Jink. O *Dame!* you are a rare Conjuring Womans. Since I feed you and your Devils—I go now where, but I meet my Wifes—her run from *Jinkin*, but now her is come here I pray you give her some of your Love-Powders, for her has no good wills to go for *Whales* without her own dear Wifes, look you.

Dame. I con'd do it, wer't not for these People here; but they are of her new Acquaintance here in Town, and will have her away from you.

Jink. Codsputter-her-nails! take her Wife's away, look you—

Dame. Hift—speak low. *Mr. Gillet* come hither. Observe me, here are two of you in the same Condition; you have both of you Wives here, your Wifes *Knisman* came to me to know where you were, and brought a Constable with him to take her from you, and intends to annul the Marriage.

Gil. How?

Dame. You have not bedded her. Look to't, you must not let him carry her off.
Gil. Not as long as I have my charm'd Sword.

Dame. Look you, this Gentleman is almost in your Condition. He has a Wife amongst 'em too, now if you can overcome this difficulty, and get 'em away from 'em, you and your Wives will be happy as long as you live.

Jink. Zounce if her had her black Bill out of *Whales*, her wou'd fight 'em with that, her wou'd put her Enemies from her, and pill 'em to her, and put off their Ears, and their noses, and look you in the face.

Dame. No matter; your Swords will do. You two, must joyn together, and I'll raise a Spirit to take your parts, shall fight 'em out of their wits, as a Spirit that was famous in King *Kadwalladar's* dayes, and near of kin to him.

Jink. Her and her Couzen Devil, look you, will beat 'em all, Costlownes her will have her Wifes.

Gill. And I mine.

Dame. Stand you two together, and when I whistle for my Spirit to appear, Draw your Sword, and fall on those that stand next to me. They'll run from you, only strike at 'em; don't offer to kill 'em.

Farm. Come have you done, we'll stay no longer waiting on you.

Coll. Mr. Constable, we are ready to do your office as soon as you please.

Dame. Give me leave a little Gallants, because my Reputation is so highly concern'd, and you all doubt my art, to vindicate myself from your Censures, and to satisfy your Curiosities, I will before you all gratify the Collonel with the sight of what he so much desir'd, and believes not in my power to perform!

Count. How!

Nob. No, no, ah.

Ger. Fear nothing.

Coll. This is but her Bravado.

Dame. O Madian, appear—where?

Count. } Ah, eh, eh, eh.

Nob.

Gill. Now Charm.

Jink. Cotes Nowince! her will have her Wifes look you.

Ger. Hah, what's the meaning of this!

Count.

Nob. } Ah, eh, eh.

Nob.

Enter Gossin like a Devil.

Coll. Devil, have at the Devil.

Enter Mr. Hartwell.

Hart. Ha—what's to do here?

Coll. Ha, Mr. Devil, have I caught you?

Count.

Nob. } Murder, Murder!

Nob.

Hart. Be not frighted Ladies, Ple part em.

Jink. Zownice! let her alone! Her fights for her Wifes, and the Honor of

Coll. Come! Devil speak, who are you?

Jink. Let her Cousin Devil alone, look you.

Coll. Speak, or this minute I'll run my Sword into you.

Ger. Quarter! Quarter—I am no Devil.

Coll. Oh, are you no Devil at last! here you that Madam!

Count. How! no Devil!

Coll. No Devil!

She Whistles. Thunders and Lightnings, stamps with her foot and falls down. Giller, Jinkin fall on the Constable, Ger. and Farm, missempose, the Women run about and squeak.

Fight, Ger. disarms Giller, and Jink. gets astride upon Farm, spits in his Fist, and Cuffs him. Women run and squeak. Hartwel and Constable part 'em.

Coll.

Doll. Here's the He-Devil; but where's the Cheating old She-Devil? *Farm.* I saw where she went down; but she shan't escape (o with my Gains!) nics. I'll after her, and ferret her out of her holes.

Coll. While you search the Cellars, I'll uncase this Devil.

Farm. Come Comfortable, come you all along with me. [*Ex. Farm. Conf. Officers.*]

Ham. Alas poor Dame, here's a foul surprize.

Coll. Come Devil, who are you?

Goff. Alas—I am no Devil—I am but a poor Town Clerk.

Coll. A poor Town Clerk—ha, ha, ha! Here's a frightful Devil for you, dies. Come, confess all!

Goff. And please your Worship—I came to Town about a Suit of Law, and hearing my Sister practis'd the ungodly black Art, she recounted to me the Stories of her Cunning, and shew'd me how all was done without any Conjur-ing or Knowledge in the Stars; as plainly by her Practice is appear'd to me, and as I being in need of a Devil, she entreated the favour of me to serve her; and so if I please you—in hopes of a better livelihood.

Coll. You left your Clerkship for a Devil-ship?

Goff. Yes, an't please your Worship.

Coll. Now I think there needs no other Confirmation; what thinks your Honour now of Dame Dobson!

Comm. I confess I am astonish'd and confounded; I know not what to say.

Coll. I hope you will not want a Charm of Oblivion now—to forget me.

Comm. You have all the right in the world to insult.

Nob. This is such a surprize.

Coll. I hope your Ladyship too is convinc'd now, That there's no necessity now to have a second Husband against your Inclinations.

Nob. And she's a Cheat, too much to my sorrow.

Comm. Here's a wonderful Discovery.

Nob. My Husband lives, the Collonel is lost; my hopes are defeated; I re-tire and grieve in private for my Misfortunes.

Comm. Your Ladyship seems troubled.

Nob. I am so Sick with the fright, that I must beg your Pardon for my abrupt departure. Your Servant.

Coll. Now Gentlemen, let's know, what made you take her part, and fall upon us?

Jink. God in Heav'n bless her life and limbs, and her shall not take her Wives from her: Her will have her nown Wives, look you.

Miss Jink. But good Mr. Jinkin, she's resolv'd not to go down into Whores, look you; And if her will have her Wives, her shall run for her Wives, look you.

Jink. Zownce and her will run so long as her has leggs to carry her, look you.

Gill. And now Collonel—I challenge my Wife; tho' Dame Dobson's Charm don't hold good, as to my Sword: The Parson's Charm will not fall me as to your Kinwoman. We are Marry'd, Collonel.

Coll. My Cousen has satisfy'd me in that particular; She is yours Mr. Collonel, and I rejoyce she has got so good a Husband.

Constance Well, & the Captain, & Dame Dobson, & Whitch, & the Country with the
Nathaniel, & the Captain, & Dame Dobson, & Whitch, & the Country with the

Enter Farmer, Dame Dobson, Constable and Officers.

Bring her in Mr. Constable; we must be here escaping at the great Gefahr.
Neighbors inform us she had sent away her Tusk and best Goods a little
but we have sent Scouts after her to see whether they lodge 'em.

Dame. I wish you think as outwits the Collorel.
In six Months Dame, you and I shall have a small affair to unravel.

Stay till that time comes then.

But you and I must account for some; you must refund the Guinies.

And to my wife for not shewing me a better Devil than this poor Town?
Clerk here. News we have you again. I'll let him go.

Gill. I thank your Worship. If ever they catch me a Devil Aiding again—
I'll give 'em leave to make a Devil of me indeed.

Gill. I must have 40; returning you my Sword and no Chain.

Dame. To call in all your Sums at once, is enough to break a good Banker;
but please Accompany with you all—give me but time.

Farmer. Time!

Dame. Yes, time to speak: For your 30 Collorel, tho' it show'd you no De-
vil; yet I deserve 'em for the good I have done your Family in helping this
your Kinswoman to a good Husband; saving her Reputation, and you the charge
of Nurse-keeping: And let her tell you if the Service I have done her, don't
deserve 'em, and so more.

Cler. Cousen, Grudge her not that small Sum on my account.

Dame. For your Sum, Gill, I'll be judge'd by the Company, I'll don't de-
serve 'em for helping you to so fine a Lady for your Wife and a Gentlewoman,
and of a Family above the expectation of a Citizen.

Hart. Yes, yes, that Score is cleav'd.

Gill. Considering my Wife's a Fortune, I'll be more a Gentleman than to
stand upon a small thing.

Dame. Now for your 500 l. Sir; because I have never done you any Service—
Plausibly—provided you'll leave me in peace and quietness.

Farmer. For my part make restitution of my Money, I have no more to say.

Gill. It's past mine instance, for the world knows not any thing; and
therefore can't laugh at me, or look upon her now.

Hart. For the good service Dame Dobson has done me, I am oblig'd to be
interection; and my respect shall be all Pardon her what As pass, not

not prejudice her Reputation by Discourses in Publick, since 'tis her livelyhood, I
and necessity ought not to be discourag'd.

Dame. Nays, let 'em talk as they please. World upraid me, it will laugh at
me. In this Business 'tis more Credit to receive than to be paid: I can

not let any more Gifts, or live upon what I have already gain'd, if I have
nothing to say, but that I am ready to do what you say.

Gill. As to much Skill to Drive, where I shall be absolutely happy in
your favour, she shall have her share.

Count.

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Court. She is deceitful; But Colonel, if you have any Skill in Palmeftry,
read it-- There's my Hand.

Coll. Hence then I can foretell a Marriage near, and years of Happiness that
shall ensue, in spite of Planets, or their Malicious influence.

Lovers that can like me with Patience wait,
Will tire their Evil Stars, and conquer Fate.

E N D

EPILLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. F. EVORN.

THo I am no great Conjuror you see,
Nor deal in Devil or Astrology,
Yet from your Physnomies I shrewdly guess,
The Poet stole the French Diviner's.

But let not that, pray, put you in a passion,
Kidnapping has of late been much in fashion:
If Alderman did Spirit men away,
Why may not Poets then Kidnap a Play?
Poets are Planters; Stage is their Plantation;
But tho they are for Trade and Propagation,
Yet don't like Thievish Whiggs Rob their own Nation.

But, Fellow Citizens, beware Entrapping,
For, whilst y'are busie sending Folks to Wapping,
Tgad your Wives e'ne go abroad Kidnapping.
Tending to this, of late I heard such stories,
That I for safety Marry'd 'mongst the Tories.
And see from City Prigg I am become
A Beau Garcon, a man of th' Sword; rare Thumb!

Jerné I am all Tory now, par ma foy
I hate a Whigg: I'm l'Officiere du Roy.
And now I bid defiance to the City,
Nor Whigg, nor Crittick shall from me have pitty.
And as in Valour, I th' Wit am grown,
Then to'em Gillet; let 'em know their own.

